The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R.

National Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GROVER CLEVELAND,
OF NEW YORK.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
THOMAS A. HENDRICKS,
OF INDIANA.

State Ticket.

CONGRESS-AT-LARGE,
GENERAL W. W. H. DAVIS,
OF BUCKS COUNTY.

Democratic County Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT JUDGE.
ADAM HOY.
[Subject to the decision of Dem. Judicial Conference.]

FOR CONGRESS.
ANDREW G. CURTIN.
[Subject to the decision of Dem. Congr. Conference.]

For Associate Judge—Chester Munson.
For Assembly—Leonard Rhone. John A. Woodward.
For Sheriff—Miles Walker.
For Prothonotary—Robert G. Brett,
For Treasurer—Charles Smith.
For Register—James A. McClain.
For Recorder—Frank E. Bible.
For Commissioners—A. J. Greist. John Wolf.
For Auditors—Solomon Peck. J. N. Dinges.

Can the Maine dodger dodge the last installment of Mulligan letters?

It is reported that Conkling will soon come out in a letter against Blaine.

Blaine must have thought his letters would create a big fire when he advised Fisher to "Burn this letter."

Hamilton Fish has explained that he will vote for Blaine for the sake of the party, not for the sake of Blaine.

Mr. E. H. Thielecke has purchased the Clinton *Democrat*. Mr. T. is a good editor and printer, and we wish him great success.

"I hope every Republican paper in the United States will publish the letters in full."—*James G. Blaine.*

"Burn this letter."—*James G. Blaine.*

The only way left for the Maine statesman to dodge the last batch of Mulligan letters, is to declare he is "opposed to making them a national issue."

We commented upon the new batch of Blaine-Mulligan letters, in last week's REPORTER. This week we find room for the gist of them. Read them, Republicans, then say whether you can honestly vote for Blaine.

In the Northumberland district, S. H. Orwig, of Lewisburg, was nominated for senator by the Republicans. The Democrats nominated Mr. Wolverton, and his election is conceded, although the district is Republican.

The Democratic judicial conferees met at Huntingdon last Wednesday and after a number of ballots—3 for Hoy and 3 for Bailey—adjourned to meet again at Tyrone to-day, 24.

Mrs. Lockwood, the women's rights candidate for President, has no Vice to run with her on the ticket. We respectfully suggest Dan Hastings, of Bellefonte. He has no vice either, other than being a vicious repub.

Miles Walker is well qualified for Sheriff; his unbending Democracy will gain him the full party vote. The story of dissatisfaction is all in the eye, and Miles will be found a good Walker and many miles ahead, of course.

Still another, Capt. W. L. Ellsworth, accepted the nomination for president of the United States tendered him by the American Political Alliance and will personally stump the states of Louisiana, Tennessee, Maryland and Virginia. The headquarters of the alliance are to be removed from Boston to Philadelphia.

Blaine advised the Republican organs to publish his Mulligan letters. They have not yet done so. We suppose the reason for it is, when they get through reading they find at the end of the batch his request, "Burn this letter," and at once the "copy" goes into the stove instead of to the compositor.

Blaine in a letter to Mr. Phelps now declares that he got married twice to his present wife. The first time was secret and not altogether legal, and a year after, in 1851, March, he had the ceremony again performed in a legal form, and that in June following his first child was born. This way he tries to get over the Indianapolis interrogatories in the libel suit with the *Sentinel*.

The *Times* says after going up for several days the election figures from Maine began to come down again and they have now settled finally at what may be accepted as the official figures. Two years ago, when the various shades of opposition united on the Fusion ticket, the Republicans polled 72,724 votes and the combined opposition 65,819. This year the Republican vote is 76,912, a gain of 6,188, and the opposition 63,501, a loss of 2,318, the aggregate vote being 3,870 more than in 1882. The Republican majority is 15,411. In the corresponding election of 1876 it was 14,966, so that Blaine is just 555 votes ahead of Hayes. This is not a very great result for so much magnetism.

At the great Democratic meeting in Washington last Week, Congressman Post read a statement in refutation of Secretary McPherson's assertion that defalcations under the Republicans had been practically nothing. He allowed that the official defalcations under Lincoln, after deducting collections, were $24,857,972, the stealing under Grant, $13,139,129; under Hayes $1,724,525; under Arthur he charged up $4,000,000 stolen by Star routers, but not collected through lack of energetic prosecution, and adding Burnside's steal of $85,000, Morgan's defalcation of $16,000; Navy Department frauds of $200,000, the defalcation of the Marshall of the Western Dist. of Pa. at Pittsburg $153,000, and the defalcations of minor officers, after deducting collections from bondsmen, $1,550,800, making the total under Arthur $6,004,800, and the grand total of steals under the Republicans in twenty years $45,527,625, against $24,441,829 from Washington to Buchanan inclusive.

400 MILLION SURPLUS.

The other day, in a speech at Toledo, Mr. Hendricks referred to the surplus in the treasury wrung from the people unnecessarily in the following remarks:

My fellow citizens, the candidate for Governor of the State of Indiana, in a speech not long since, boasted of the fact that when the Republican party came into power it found an empty treasury, but that now it had an excess in the Treasury $400,000,000. If this statement be true that when this speech was made there was $400,000,000 lying idle and unemployed in the Treasury, at the end of the year there will be added to that in the new vaults another hundred millions, and it will stand $500,000,000 wrung from the people beyond the demands of Government. Have you stopped to think how much that is? It is more than half the paper currency of the United States, and when it comes to be $500,000,000, as it will at the close of the year, and before Congress can act—if the population of the country is properly estimated at 500,000,000, then there is locked up in the Treasury and vaults dug down deep beneath it, eight to ten dollars for every man, woman and child in the country. What for? I am urging the question: Ought there to be a change? The Democrats said in their platform at Chicago that revenue must be reduced to the requirements of the Government economically administered. What do you say to that, my fellow citizens? Are you a Democrat? Are you a Republican? Are you a Granger or an Independent? Whatever may be your party relations, what do you say to that proposition of the Chicago Convention that the revenue shall be reduced to the needs of Government economically administered? [Applause.] If you don't like that, don't vote the Democracy; for when the Democracy comes into power I undertake to say that the machinery will be turned for a while. Backward, did I say? No, forward in favor of revenue, reducing taxation to the wants of the Government economically administered.

What are you going to collect any more for? (a voice "stealing.") Have you stopped to think that that money which is now locked up, is a part of our currency, and that it has had an office to perform, and that if the Government don't need it the people do? [Applause.] What the Government don't need belongs to the people. You owe it to the Government, pay it. If you don't owe it to the Government for the purpose of carrying on its affairs economically administered, don't pay it. Just stop to think how much that four or five hundred millions would do for you and yours. I don't know how much it would do I do know that in Indiana, with a soil of wonderful richness, with many of the institutions that make wealth for the people—manufacturing establishments. I know there is many a man that can't find employment. There is many a family that are hard pressed because enterprise has stopped; because there is no employment for labor. Ought that to be with $400,000,000 locked up in the Treasury? The Democracy say: "Reduce taxation until the amount shall be just what the Government needs."

A good story is told of Mr. Conkling. There have been reports he would either quietly or openly oppose Mr. Blaine, when he got ready to show his hand. Friends of Blaine called upon him with most flattering offers of reconciliation and peace. Conkling, however, was not in the olive-branch business. Turning to one bolder than his fellows, and who had intimated that Mr. Blaine was confidentially expecting that before the campaign went much further he would stump the state for the Republican "ticket, Conkling drew himself up proudly and with most withering sarcasm said: "Pray, give my compliments to Mr. Blaine and tell him I have no criminal practice."

Mr. Mulligan may not be able to improve Candidate Logan's grammar, but he is doing his best to teach Candidate Blaine his letters.—Newark News.

It is easy enough to make a trade in politics. The difficulty comes in delivering the goods.—New Orleans Picayune.

Gen. Butler is the best hand at poker of all the Presidential candidates. Mrs. Lockwood is the best hand at rolling-pin or potato-masher. On a domestic ticket they might make a good run.—Philad. Record.

A Chicago paper says: "Carl Schurz is engaged thrashing old straw." He is also engaged in thrashing Jim Blaine.—Chicago Times.

It is really very funny to see rare Ben Butler traveling about with an ear of corn poking out of his coat-tail pocket and a towel suspended to the straps of his overalls.—Utica Observer.

MR. BLAINE'S ANSWER.

A Sworn Statement Concerning His Marriage Filed in Court.

Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 20.—In the Blaine libel suit in the district court this afternoon Mr. Blaine's attorney filed the following answer to the interrogatories propounded by the *Sentinel's* attorney on 5th of September:

I, James G. Blaine, of Augusta, Maine, on oath, deposed and say, in answer to the foregoing interrogatories: * * *

4. The lady I married lived in Kentucky from the spring of 1848 to the spring of 1851, engaged as a teacher in Col. T. F. Johnson's female seminary; the first two years at Georgetown, the last year in at Millersburg.

5. I finally left Kentucky in the latter part of Dec. 1851, went to New Orleans on business, and thence directly to Augusta, Me., which place I reached on 29th of Feb., 1852, and was next employed as principal teacher in the Penn'a Institution for the instruction of the blind in Philadelphia.

My wife left Kentucky in March, 1851, accompanied by myself as far as Pittsburg, Pa.; thence traveled alone to New York, where she was met by her brother, Jacob Stanwood, under his protection proceeded to her mother's residence in Augusta, Me., where I next met her, Feb. 9, 1852.

7, 8 and 9. I was married at Millersburg, Ky., June 30, 1850, in the presence of Sarah C. Stanwood and S. L. Blaine. The marriage was secret. Having a doubt of its validity under the laws of Kentucky, which then stringently required a license from the clerk of the county court, I had the marriage solemnized a second time in Pittsburg, Pa., the 29th of March, 1851, in the presence of John V. Lemoyne and David Bell.

10 and 11. Jacob Stanwood was the eldest brother of my wife. I had no acquaintance with him at the time of my marriage, had never seen him nor heard from him in any way, directly or indirectly, before my marriage. I met him for the first time in February, 1851. I had two letters from him after my marriage and before I met him—one warmly welcoming me as a member of the family; the other inquiring if he could promote my business interests by the loan of money. I had no other correspondence with him until after I had personally met him in February, 1852. My wife had two other brothers, neither of whom I had ever met when I came to New England, in Feb. '52; nor did I ever meet any male relative of my wife before my arrival in New England, in Feb. '51.

12, 13 and 14. My first child, a son, was born in the house of his grandmother, on June 19, '51. His name was Stanwood Blaine. He lived with his parents in 1852, 1853 and a part of 1854 in Philadelphia. He died on July 31, '54, and was buried in the Stanwood family lot in Forest Grove cemetery, Augusta, Me.

15, 16 and 17. A monument was placed by my direction over his grave a year after his death thus inscribed: "Stanwood Blaine, son of James G. and Hrrriet S. Blaine, born June 18, 1851, died July 31, 1854."

18. I have not myself seen the stone since the first week in July, but have reason to believe and do believe that since that date many letters and figures thereon have been defaced, and that the figure one in the year 1851 has been entirely removed. I have no means of ascertaining by whom this was done, but have reason to believe and do believe that a photograph was taken of the defaced stone by the procurement of one of the publishers of the "New Age," a democratic paper published in this city, and that copies of said photograph were sent to divers and sundry persons, including the publisher of the Indianapolis *Sentinel*, defendant in this suit.

19, 20, 21 and 22. I know of the book referred to as "Life of James G. Blaine." I did not revise the volume nor become in any degree responsible for any statement made in it, though I saw parts of it before its publication; but did not and have not to this day seen page 68, to which the question refers, though the statement there made was doubtless derived by the author, Rofell H. Connell, from conversations with me, but not from any special authorization by me to make it. JAMES G. BLAINE.

Who has not heard or been the recipient of benefits derived from using N. H. Downs' Elixir, a never failing remedy for diseases of throat, chest and lungs. None are too poor to get cured of all bilious diseases by the use of Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, as they only cost 25 cents per bottle. As a liniment for horses, Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment, cures sprains, burises and lameness at once. Sold by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall. sept

ANOTHER EARTHQUAKE.

Ohio, Michigan aad Indiana Somewhat Shaken Up.

Muncie, Ind., Sept. 19.—A distinct earthquake shock passed through this state from the southwest to the northeast at 2.30 o'clock this afternoon. Places heard from generally report the same results as were noticed here, viz: Buildings shaking, glass breaking, furniture moving, dishes and tinware falling from the tables and shelves and the people running into the streets from fright.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 19.—A few minutes before three o'clock this afternoon the telegraph operator at the Bee Line depot, Cincinnati, received dispatches from all along the road, from Cincinnati to Lafayette, Ind., inquiring if an earthquake shock had been felt in Cincinnati, and stating that it had been perceptible at the offices from which inquires had been sent. At about three o'clock operators perceived a slight tremor in the building. The same thing was noticed in various offices in the city, but it was not attributed to the earthquake until telegraphic dispatches from the west came in.

It was quite different in some of the suburbs in Cincinnati. In Clifton the agitation was so violent as to ring the bells on the tables and in some instances on the doors.

FIGURES WON'T LIE.

The figures showing the enormous yearly sales of Kidney-Wort, demonstrate its value as a medicine beyond dispute. It is a purely vegetable compound of certain roots, leaves and berries known to have special value in Kidney troubles. Combined with these are remedies acting directly on the liver and bowels. It it because of this combined action that Kindey-Wort has proven, such an unequalled remedy in all diseases of these organs.

25,000 MEN EXPECTED AT HUNTINGDON ON FIRST OF OCTOBER.

Huntingdon, Sept. 20.—A call has been issued by John Ewing, secretary of the Pennsylvania and Maryland Miners' Associations, for a reunion of miners in this city on the 1st, 2d and 3d of October. The invitation is extended to those of Westmoreland, Fayette, Somerset, Bedford, Cambria, Clearfield, Centre and Huntingdon counties and the anthracite regions of this state and of Maryland and West Virginia. Arrangements have been made with the railroad companies for excursions. According to the call the secretary estimates that there will be present 25,000 of those engaged in the coal industries of the three states. Business meetings will be held for the consideration of matters pertaining to their interests and there will also be amusements for their special benefit on the grounds of the Huntingdon Driving and Athletic Association. The latter will at the same time hold its first series of meetings.

The attractions will consist of horse, bicycle and foot racing, base ball, lawn tennis, etc., for which a large amount will be distributed as premiums. A number of the best horses of Philadelphia, Pittsburg and other cities will participate in the contests of speed. The grounds of the association contain fifteen acres and the track is one of the best in the state. A grand stand, to accommodate a thousand persons, will be erected.

WHAT A MISSISSIPPI PILOT SAYS.

Capt. D. M. Riggs, who is well known at New Orleans and along the Mississippi river says, "I have been suffering from dyspepsia for the last five years, and from broken rest, by severe pains in the bowels and kidneys. I tried every medicine recommended for these diseases, without success. At last I used a bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters, which proved a perfect success in my case." It cures all liver, kidney and malarial diseases.

THE MARTIN MURDER.

Clearfield, Sept. 20.—The cause of the murder of Thomas Martin, a coal prospector, by his wife during Thursday night seems to have been jealousy, but whether she had any real cause is not known. Martin and his wife had been absent from home and returned to their residence on the 10:30 train. They retired to bed as usual. Shortly after midnight and while her husband was asleep Mrs. Martin went to another appartment and, procuring a revolver, returned to the bedside of her husband and shot him in the head, inflicting a wound from which he died in a short time.

The tenacity with which people abide by their early faith in Ayer's Sarsaparilla can only be explained by the fact that it is the best blood medicine every used, and is not approached in excellence by any new candidate for public favor.

KILLED BY HIS WIFE AT CLEARFIELD.

Clearfield, Sept. 19.—Thomas Martin was shot in the temple in West Clearfield borough last night by his wife and died this evening. Jealousy was the cause of the shooting. Mrs. Martin is in jail, and admits the killing.

IN TIME OF PEACE PREPARE FOR PEACE.

Changes of climate diet and water, oftimes atmospheric changes alone, will subject some member of the family to cholera morbus, dysentery, etc., when that wail of misery is in the "wee sma' hours of the night" announce the fact, and you are sent from your comfortable bed across lots or down back alleys for a doctor, 'twould be a good time to reflect that had you secured a bottle of Curtis' Carmelite Cordial in time, you could with a few drops have headed off the attack, saved a doctor's bill, and secured a peaceful night's rest. Dissatisfied purchasers can have their money refunded.

For sale by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
17s2 Philadelphia Agents.

THE LARGEST BET ON RECORD.

Oil City, Sept. 21.—V. C. Place, of Sanday Lake, at present manager of the Pinas Atlas Gold and Silver Mining Co., at Las Vegas, N. M., and Chas. M. Shannon, of the Hughes & Shannon copper works, at Clifton, have made the largest bet on the result of the presidential election thus far on record. Place bet a new mill, recently erected at a cost $40,000, and all the company's mines and property, including the mercantile establishment, all valued at $500,000, against Hughes & Shannon's copper property, valued at $600,000. The necessary papers have been made out and placed in the hands of a stakeholder pending the result of the election. Place bet on Blaine, and Shannon on Cleveland.

SHOT AND KILLED BY HIS FRIEND.

Williamsport, Sept. 21.—Geo. Lewis, aged 25 years, and Frank Gordon, aged 32, were in a saloon to-night. Gordon missed his watch and charged Lewis with stealing it. He denied the charge. Lewis ran out of the saloon and Gordon pursued him, and when passing the Court house pulled a revolver and fired at Lewis, who dropped dead on the pavement, the ball having penetrated the heart.

Mr. Westfall and other railroad officials went over our road to Oak Hall in a special train on Saturday. As soon as contractor Van Dyke gets the cattle guards all put in the company will run the road.

SUBSTITUTE FOR IRON.

That glass could be made to take the place of iron and other materials for certain mechanical purposes has lately been exemplified in the manufacture of glass pulleys for cable railways. The advantages of glass pulleys are obvious. In cable railways, such as are in use over the Brooklyn suspension bridge, and in the streets of some of the cities, the operations of the cables over metal pulleys has resulted in serious damage to them from the friction is a maximum one, but no other substance hitherto could be found sufficiently strong and tenacious to take its place. Glass pulleys will reduce the friction to a minimum, and they will last for an indefinite time. Mr. J. J. Hardin, of Chicago, has a number of different sized pulleys made for experiment. They are about 13 inches in diameter, and about 2½ or 3 in width, with a groove in the centre of the rim to receive the cable. However, only the rim or tire is of glass, the interior part being composed of iron made in the form of a spider, which fully supports the glass exterior. In this spider is a hole for the reception of the axle upon which they run. The thickness of the glass from the surface of the rim to the iron part of the spider is only about ¾ of an inch, but the glass is made extra tough and strong, and the pulleys have been proved capable of successfully resisting any pressure brought to bear upon them.

Much of reputation depends on the period in which it rises. The Italians proverbially observe that one-half of fame depends on that cause. In dark periods, when talents appear they shine like the sun through a small hole in the window-shutter. The strong beam dazzels amid the surrounding gloom. Open the shutter, and the general diffusion of light attracts no notice.

LINDEN HALL ITEMS.

The railroad is now completed to Oak Hall; the pike was crossed on Saturday last. The question now is, are we to have a depot at this place? It seems as though the R. R. Co. is not much concerned in this matter. From reports there will be a siding in the neighborhood of Mr. Rhone's; what the object is we are unable to say. A number of our farmers have stopped seeding on account of drought. We are informed that all the grain sown and phosphated must be replanted. The late frosts were damaging to the corn-fodder, the cob and grain were too near maturity to be hurt. Almost everybody attended the pic-nic on the mountain last week; even Alexander was there. Our shoemaker while walking on the R. R. on Sunday slipped and fell, spraining his ankle; Major, "Remember the Sabbath day, &c." Philip Meyer is busily engaged in teaching instrumental music, having a class of 35 on piano and organ. Mrs. Henry Gingerich went west on a visit on Tuesday last and expects to be absent several weeks. PRESTO.

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PROLONGING LIFE.

It was during the darkness of the Middle Ages, ripe with fanaticism and superstition, that the most absurd ideas of witchcraft, horoscopes, chiromancy, and empirical panaceas for the prolongation of life first became disseminated. The philosopher's stone and elixir of life were then vaunted by the alchemists. Foremost among the prolongers of life we find Paracelsus, an alchemist of great renown, and a man of considerable attainments. He claimed to have discovered the elixir of life. So great was his influence that even the learned Erasmus did not disdain to consult him. Patients and pupils flocked around him from every quarter of Europe. Notwithstanding his famous "stone of immortality," he died at the age of 50. His vaulted elixir was a kind of sulphur similar to compound sulphuric ether. Nevertheless, to the researches of Paracelsus we are indebted for our primary knowledge of mercury, which he was the first to use as a medicine. About this epoch one Leonard Thurneysser attained worldwide celebrity as an astrologer and and nativity caster. He was a physicisn, printer, bookseller, and horoscopist all in one. He professed that, by the aid of astrology, he could not only predict future events but likewise prolong life. He published yearly an astrological calender, describing the nature of the forthcoming year and its chief events. His calendar and other quackeries enabled him to amass the sum of 1,000 florins. He declared that every man lay under the influence of a certain star, by which his destiny was ruled. On ascertaining from what planet a person's misfortunes or sickness proceeded, he advised his patient to remove his residence within the control of a more propitious luminary. In short, to escape from the influence of a malignant to a more friendly satellite was the basis of his theory.

ENVELOPE-MAKING.

The process of manufacturing envelopes is apparently simple, although in realtty complicated. True there are only three distinct operations to be gone through with—the cutting, gumming and folding, but the blending of the last two operations into one makes necessary the use of a complex machine. There is nothing remarkable in the first part of the operation. The paper, as it comes from the factories, is cut in squares or diagonals measuring thirty or forty inches, special diagonal shapes being chosen for particular cutting-dies, in order to save waste which would follow from the sheet not being especially adapted to the die. Each sheet will average thirteen envelopes, which are cut out by dies of innumerable sizes and shapes, but all verging on the diamond, five hundred sheets being placed on the presses at a time. In spite of all precautions there is a waste of two pounds in every forty. The folding and running machines are now brought into use, and no more fascinating occupation can be found for a while than to watch their lightning-like motions as they turn out finished envelopes at the rate of seventy-five a minute. Each of these machines requires no other attendant than a girl who receives the envelopes as they are forced out, binds them and packs them into boxes. Six of the machines are used entirely for papetries, five for gumming, folding and printing at the same time, and the rest for plain commercial envelopes to the packers in lots counted out to suit.

FAMILY TIES OF COMETS.

There is a family of comets attending in a sense on Jupiter, and another family attending similarly on Saturn, precisely as we should expect them to do if originally expelled from these planets. After such expulsion, though free to pass away forever from their parent planets, they would not be free to pass away from the solar system. They would be thenceforth attendant on the sun, but with this peculiarity, that no matter what perturbations they underwent, their paths would always pass near to the path of their parent planet. Even if in some future circuit a comet of this sort came quite close—as it very well might—to the planet it originally started from, it would still, though very much disturbed, follow a path possessing this characteristic, however different from the path which it had before traversed. After many millions of years, indeed, it might happen, perchance, that resistance encountered in its movement around the sun, however ineffective to affect its orbit appreciably in a few thousands of years, would reduce the span of its circuit. But even then it would still be possible to classify a comet whose orbit had been so changed with the family of comets to which it had originally belonged.

Plaids, velvets and ribbons—Garmans.

Merino hosiery and underwear—Garmans.

MARY.

Acushla! do not deem me false!
Nor dream that I forget
Thy fair young face, thy native grace,
The morn when first we met.
My priceless pearl! my glorious girl!
Thou'rt true as truth to me,
And where thou art there throbs my heart
With love alone for thee.

I know not where thy lot is cast;
But this I know full well:
To me alway, where'er I stray,
Thy name's a wondrous spell.
My fancy's fairy! wondrous Mary!
While ebbs and flows the sea,
And sunshine streams and moonlight beams,
I'll love no love but thee.

Heed not what venomed tongues may say,
Dread not the world's decree;
But dry thy tears, to fright thy fears,
And trust, my love, in me.
My beauty bright! my heart's delight!
When startled eyes shall see
June roses blow 'mid winter's snow,
Then I'll be false to thee.

From mountain eyrie, mystic Mary!
At night, 'neath starry dome,
To lowland glen, mid haunts of men,
By day, I've sought thy home,
If hope has fled—if thou art dead—
Come, love, with angel kiss,
In crown of light, and robes of white,
And bear my soul to bliss!

THE BROTHER'S SECRET.

At a little village called Seaside, situated on the coast of one of the New England States, there lived a Mr. Stephen Carlyle and his daughter, in a pretty little cottage he had built.

Seaside was a small place. It had two or three streets; a small hotel and a few houses scattered here and there. But there was a long sandy beach, where the water came rolling in with one ceaseless roar, and at a short distance from the village afforded a fine chance for bathing. This was the chief attraction at Seaside, and what had caused Mr. Carlyle and his daughter to fix their residence there.

Mr. Carlyle was a retired gentleman of some fortune, he was probably sixty years of age, and for a few years he had been troubled with a disease for which his doctor recommended him to settle at some place where he could have the benefit of the bracing sea breeze and bathing.

His illness, however, had not interfered with his good nature, for he was one of the best-natured men that ever lived.

His daughter, Agnes, was just verging on womanhood. She was quite tall and a good figure. Perhaps she was not what would be called pretty, but still she was possessed of a large and loving heart, and, above all, those winning ways that some women have, which are superior to a mere pretty face.

Everybody that came in contact with Agnes always loved her; even the dumb beasts, for when she went out to take her morning walk you would see the vagabond dogs of the village come running to her to receive a gentle pat on their head and a kind word.

Agnes was Mr. Carlyle's only child by his second wife, he had had another—a boy—by his first wife, who, when a year old, had been stolen from them while they were residing in Italy. A constant search had been kept up for two years for the lost child, but no clue to his whereabouts had ever been found.

The loss of her darling boy had broken the mother's heart, and she sank into an early grave. Some twenty-five years had passed since then, and the father had almost ceased to think of his lost son, when, a few mornings before the opening of this tale, the postman had brought him a short note which had awakened new emotions and forgotten feelings within the old gentleman's breast.

The short note ran as follows:

"My Dear Father: The son whom you lost in Italy twenty-five years ago is alive and well, and I hope to join you in a few days. Your son,
RICHARD."

Mr. Carlyle read these few lines over and over again, and then sat thoughtfully for a long time, until Agnes came into the room.

She had been told by her father many times of her lost half brother, and when Mr. Carlyle handed her the note, and she had read it, she understood it perfecely. Tears of joy gushed in her eyes as she said:

"Oh, papa, I am so glad! How I have wished for a brother and sister, and now to think I have really got a dear brother!" and she was in a perfect ecstacy.

"Does he look like you, papa?"

"My dear child, I cannot tell, for he was but a mere baby when I last saw him, and all babies look alike."

The old man was weeping, weeping tears of joy.

How often had he wished that he had a son to bestow his fortune upon, and perhaps some day make a great man of. Although he loved Agnes with all his whole heart, he wished she was a man instead of a woman.

And his boy was coming to him; this was the thought that filled his mind most of the time. Then he began to fancy how he would look. Would he look like his dead mother? He believed he had looked something like her when a child. Yes, he had a faint remembrance of two fat little cheeks and a pair of bright blue eyes looking up into his as the little one lay in his cradle, but was that all? No! He remembered one thing more. The child had a curious mole in the shape of a leaf on his right arm.

After he had been busy a long time thinking of his son, the old man would drop off into a quiet afternoon nap, and his fancies take a flight to dreamland.

Agnes was the busiest she had ever been in all her life, getting the little cottage ready to welcome her brother. She fitted up the prettiest room in the whole house for him, and called her papa to look at it.

The few days mentioned in Richard's note soon passed by, and one morning a tall, fine looking young man of genteel appearence walked up the little gravel walk that led to the cottage front door, and rang the bell.

Agnes had been impatient for him to come, but now that he had come she was so bashful her father could hardly induce her to accompany him to the parlor, where the young gentleman was waiting.

"Mr. Carlyle—my father, I believe?" said the young man, arising as Mr. Carlyle and Agnes entered the parlor.

"My name is Carlyle; but whether or not, young man, you are my lost son, I have no proof," said Mr. Carlyle advancing and taking the young man's extended hand.

"Was there anything particular about your son?" said he, "any particular mark?"

"Yes," said Mr. Carlyle, quickly.

The young man rolled up his sleeve, and on his right arm, just above the elbow, there was a large dark mole in the shape of a leaf.

"Was it like that?" he asked.

"Yes! yes! it was!" cried Mr. Carlyle, throwing his arms around the young man's neck.

"Richard! Richard! My darling boy!"

How happy everybody was at the little cottage. Days never became dull and lonesome when Richard was there; the old gentleman was in the happiest mood; the servants were never tired of serving their young master, and how Agnes loved her brother; he was so good to her. And as they walked along the beach, the attraction of all eyes, how proud she was of him; he was so handsome and noble looking, she thought.

They were always together from morning until night, either taking long walks on the beach, watching the ships in the distance, and Agnes listening with all attention to every word Richard uttered, or going on little excursions, or sitting in the cottage parlor, where Agnes would play on the piano, accompanied by Richard in some fashionable air.

All this served to make Mr. Carlyle very happy. His children were his idols; he worshipped him.

Sometimes, while watching Richard and Agnes as they were singing, and every now and then Richard leaning over the piano to turn the music leaves, his face animated, and his deep, clear voice filling the room, Mr. Carlyle would imagine he could detect a resemblance in Richard's face to that of his dead mother's.

Thus days and weeks passed at the cottage, Richard loving Agnes passionately and she day by day learning to love her brother more. And this love seemed to be ripening into a different love than brotherly or sisterly love.

One morning they went out for a stroll along the beach. Agnes was leaning on Richard's arm, and chatting merrily as they went along, but he seemed less talkative than usual, and was silent and moody. After walking for some distance they came to where the bank was covered with green turf, and sat down; Richard resting his head on his hand. After remaining this way for some time, Agnes ventured to ask in a low, sweet voice, what made her brother so thoughtful.

"Aggy," said he, not raising his head, "shall I tell you?"

"Why not, dear Richard; am I not to be trusted with my brother's secret, if he has any?" said she, laughing.

"Well, Aggy, I have a secret;" and raised his head, and a faint, sickly smile spread over his face, as he looked at her.

"And if I should tell it to you, I am afraid you would never love me again. Yes, and perhaps you would scorn me!"

"How can you talk so foolish, Richard? Do you suppose I could ever scorn you?"

Then silence reigned for some time.

"I will tell you my secret, Aggie—for I must, to bear it singly is killing me—if you will promise to love me the same after you know it, as you do now."

Agnes was looking out on the ocean.

"Do you think I could ever help loving you, Richard?" she said, in a low voice, without turning her head.

"Then you promise?" said he eagerly.

"Certainly."

"I know a man Aggy, that one night, about a year ago, while in the opera, saw in one of the boxes, an old gentleman, and a very pretty girl, whom he learned afterward was the old gentleman's daughter.

Perhaps most people laugh at the idea of falling in love at first sight, but nevertheless this young man fell passionately in love with the pretty girl in the box, before he had taken a third look at her.

"He watched, and admired, and loved her ardently. And when the opera was over he went home with a feeling as if he had all the world behind him.

Night after night he was at the opera, in hopes to see the beautiful being he adored, but she never came again.

Two months ago this young man discovered the old gentleman's and his daughter's name and residence. Another lucky incident put him in possession of information concerning a child the old gentleman had stolen from him twenty-five years ago—"

"How foolish, Richard!" said Agnes: "you are relating the same old story you told papa about yourself, and how you discovered he was your papa. Now, please, don't flatter me any more, nor tell me again of the old Italian with the hand-organ, and how she saw your arm and told you who you were. Let us not think of the past, but of the future."

"But I must tell you!" he cried, springing to his feet, and grasping both of Agnes' little hands in his. "Aggy, dear Aggy, I must tell you, I am not your brother, nor any relation—but for God's sake forgive me, Aggy, for deceiving you, or I shall go mad!"

"Not my brother!" exclaimed Agnes with amazement.

"No, not your brother. I have deceived you and your kind loving father in a cruel manner; but, Aggy, how could I help it? I loved you so passionately!" and the tears came in his eyes as he stood looking beseechingly at her.

"Explain, sir, what you mean!" said Agnes, drawing her hands from his and retreating a step.

"Remember Aggy, your promise!"

"Well," said she in a stern voice.

"The story about the Italian woman is true, but my name is not Richard Graham, it is Thomas Carlyle; and my father is living in the city of New York.

When the old woman saw my arm she was frightened, and said she never saw one like it but once. My curiosity was excited, and I asked her to tell me who had an arm with a mole on it like mine.

'It was a little boy that had died twenty years ago,' she said.

'Was the child yours,' I asked.

'No,' she said.

'Whose was it?' I asked for mere curiosity.

'I gave her some money, and she said:

'A Mr. Stephen Carlyle's.'

I inquired about this, and learned that Stephen Carlyle had lost a child some twenty-five years ago; that his name was Richard, and that he had never heard of him since.

Then it was Aggy, in my mad passion for you, that the devil put the idea into my brain of representing myself as your brother, and so ever being with you. I wrote the note to your father, gave up everything and came here to live with you. The rest you know. Oh, Aggy, forgive me! forgive me!" And Thomas Graham, alias Richard Carlyle, fell down upon his knees, and seizing Agnes' hand implored her forgiveness.

Agnes stood for a moment pale and trembling, looking at the man at her feet. What was she thinking off. Was she glad he was not her brother?

"My poor, poor father," she said; "how will he bear this news?"

"Dear, dear Aggy, may I not still be his son—son-in-law! He loves us both, and will it not make him happy to see us one for life—forever?"

"Richard," she said quietly, her head bent down and her hand working nervously with her parasol, "Richard do you think you have gained my love honorably?"

"Then you do really love me?" cried he, seizing her hand and evading the question.

"Yes; God forgive me if I do wrong, I do love you."

There was no outburst of feeling in this acknowledgement; it was said in a quiet, gentle manner; nothing denoting the tumult that was passing within, except a few tears that stole over her pale cheek, and a nervous working with her parasol.

The passionate words of love and joy that Richard (if we may be allowed to call him by this name) uttered, I will not try to describe, as it would be far beyond my power, enough that their hearts from thenceforth were joined forever.

When this news was told old Mr. Carlyle, by an intimate friend, he did not rave and curse Richard for deceiving him. No! it was not his nature; like his daughter he was affectionate and forgiving, and although he shut himself up in his room for two days, and refused to see Richard, his gentle nature soon overcame him and said:

"I love him just the same, and if they love each other, let them be made man and wife, and I will still regard him as my son."

If we had but more faith, we should have less care.

Good, the more communicated, more abundant grows.

An Ohio oarsman has been arrested for making counterfeit money. He should remember it is one thing to forge ahead on a boat, but quite another to forge a head on a $10 bill.

Flowers.

A popular florist says almost everybody has something in the way of a flower garden in summer. We rent a good many of our choice plants to rich people who adorn their lawns with them in the summer and bring them back to us for the winter. For very nice plants like the palm, we get from $5 to $8 a season. The palm is probably the choicest plant we have, and a fine specimen is valued as high as $35. We don't sell many of them. The most common varieties of garden plants that flourish in this olimate are geraniums, verbenas, roses, carnations and pansies. In the way of shrubs for lawns, we have a very large range. Snow-ball and syringa are very common and nice. Then there are spireas, of which we have as many as two dozen different kinds. A new shrub was introduced here a few years ago which is proving a great favorite—hydrangea grandiflora. It is very well suited to the purpose and the climate. It is hardy no Minnesota winter can kill it. It is an excellent bloomer withal.

"Did you know that flowers prefer a humble to a palatial residence? It is certainly a fact that as a rule poor people have better plants than the rich. The atmosphere of a big house does not agree with floral constitutions. It is too dry. Flowers want moist air. They enjoy the steam that rises from the singing tea-pot. A kitchen is a good conservatory. Then the poorer people always take more care of their flowers—and they need care as much as children. A rich lady spends a good deal of money, buys a lot of nice plants, stacks them up somewhere where they look pretty, waters them semi-occasionally, and expects them to grow like weeds and blossom all the time. They don't come up to her expectations, of course; the consequence is she gets discouraged and says she will never fuss with flowers again. She looks across the street to her humble neighbor, sees a window full of healthy plants and bright blossoms, and wonders why her plants will never do such things. It is easily explained. Her neighbor, probably has not spent one-tenth as much money, but has given what she has bought ten times as much care. But other things being equal, the plant will do better in the hut than in the palace, on account of the atmospheric conditions I spoke of. There are very few rich people in St. Paul who have fine conservatories. It does not seem to be the fashion, as it is in some places. I can count all that I know of on the fingers of one hand. It is a costly luxury. It would spoil $3,000 to do the thing up in good shape, and a good deal more can easily be expended.

"Some of the more common house plants are primroses, begonias, fuchsias, heliotropes, callas, carnations and roses; but there is a endless variety, any of which can be made to do well with proper care. Each has its peculiar characteristics and requires particular conditions. Most people know little or nothing about these and make terribly bungling work of it. The wonder is that the plants survive at all. It is curious to note the difference in the various nationalities in this matter. I believe the Germans as a general thing are fondest of flowers and know most about them. I don't doubt that there are English and Scotch florists who equal, possibly surpass, any German florists; but I mean the people as a race. The Germans always make their plants do well by constant and intelligent care. They do not spend much money on them. I sell comparatively few plants and cut flowers to Germans; but they make the most of everything they get. They keep them longer and make them bloom better. The Scandinavians don't care much for flowers, as a rule, while the Irishman is entirely satisfied with his potato and cabbage."

A Live Town.

"Well Dodge city may have been a rough place. I reckon it was. But it never came up to Newton. Why, Newton had as many as half a dozen first-class murders in one night. The man that didn't carry a pistol was of no account in those days. I recollect sleeping in a room with thirteen beds, two men to each bed, and a pistol under a vest or a pair of pants placed beneath the pillow every time. That was when the cattle drove to Newton. Most every building in the town was full of bullet holes. My father bought a dance-house building and moved it down to Hutchinson for other purposes, and people used to walk round it and look at it and admire the round holes in the window panes. There wasn't a whole light in the house. Then when Newton ceased to be a great cattle-shipping point the rough business came along to Dodge City. It missed Hutchinson for the reason that it was a temperance town. But there's saloons enough in Dodge City. Why, the Mayor is a saloon keeper, his bartender is City Clerk, the two Marshals are ex-dance-house men, and the School Directors are some of them in the same fix."

What is death? To go out like a light, and in a sweet trance to forget ourselves and all the passing phenomena of the day as we forget the phantom of a fleeting dream; to form as in a dream new connections with God's world; to enter into a more exalted sphere, and to make a new step up man's graduated ascent of creation.

Seasons in Mexico.

May and June are the hottest months in the City of Mexico. If one is too thickly clad at midday it is usually possible to take the shady side of the street. Since nobody is ever in a hurry, it is, of course, quite unnecessary to walk in the sun. And when the new comer gets thoroughly Mexicanized he will stay indoors at midday. Umbrellas are sometimes useful as walking sticks or parasols; save in summer they are never wanted to shed rain. Just now the rainy season is on and we have had some tremendous showers. So has the country down below. The rainy season, in fact, ought to be called the showery season instead. It never rains drizzle, drizzle, after the Eastern style, but it pours, and yet there is no continuous downfall. In June, July and August in Mexico, rain descends almost every day in copious showers, but the summer sun shines with no less regularity between times, and every day has a clearing off. During eight months out of the twelve it is as certain, day by day, that the morrow will be pleasant as that the morrow will come. It seems to be the American opinion that Mexico will make a good winter resort, but is a country that it must be wise to keep out of in summer. This is a great mistake. Denver and Santa Fe are summer resorts, the towns of the Mexican plateau are no less fit to be. They are southern, but they are elevated, and high elevation countervails low latitude. In the summer, again, the face of nature is beautiful, while in the dry season it becomes withered and uninviting. But of course the contrast between Northern American and Mexican winters is greater than between the summers of the two regions, and on the whole Mexico is a better country to flee to to escape cold than heat. Traveling suits, for men and women, ought to be dust proof. In the cities the upper classes display European fabrics and styles exclusively. Women of refinement appear almost universally without head covering. This is the only noticeable departure from the habits of their American cousins. The feet should be well shod. Soap will never be found at the hotels, and the better kinds are expensive in Mexico. As for the customs officials, courteous and just treatment is the rule. A visitor proposing to make a stay of much length beyond the Rio Grande, I should say, would do well to take from home whatever clothing or other paraphernalia seems likely to be needed. For a brief tour, light marching order is, of course, sensible.

The Arizonian Atmosphere.

Nature, true and simple and untarnished, is a great pacifier. Ruined hopes seem always less shattered when one is allowed to look upon a placid lake or at an unmoved peak or upon a silent prairie. There is rest there, and assurance, too, and many a man, worn out with his battle in life, has found comfort at last in a country vista wherein there was no turmoil and no strife, but only rest and peace. In Arizona the air is so clear and bracing and the life is so simple that one is unusually well prepared to hear a sermon from the high hills and the clear sky and deep canyons, and at Tucson, which is so generally regarded as a wild, reckless, uncivilized sort of town, a man has glimpses of nature which make him forget for a time the dull reality of the present in the contemplation of the future as it is suggested by the scenery about him. I know the Southwest lacks much that is calculated to make life enjoyable. But it has a great deal which is absent in more civilized regions. Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow, harsh and wild though the scenery be, there are vistas of exceeding beauty, composed of peaks and serrated ranges, wild uncultivated fields, crumbling ruins telling of departed races, brilliant flowers wasting in very truth their fragrance in the desert, that one is very soon disposed to forget the things that are not present and to enjoy those that are. It is a land for poets to see and sing of, for it is filled with interesting associations, and as for the colorings, one must see the mountains bathed in their brilliant hues, the vast plains, white and wide, but dotted with bright flowers, and the sky, cloudless, soft and glorious, before he can form even the faintest idea of what the land is like.

Don't Borrow Trouble.

A large part of life's burdens are self-imposed and wholly needless. Fears of calamities which never happen, a doleful habit of looking at the worst, a suspicious disposition, a jealous turn of mind—these are the tyrants that load us with burdens heavy to bear but needless to carry. If we should honestly examine the various burdens of our lives, we should be surprised to find how many of them are of this character. Not only may we drop them if we will, but justice to others demands that we should. A man or woman habitually unhappy is essentially selfish, and is always a thorn in the community.—There are enough crosses and trials of life which must be borne without manufacturing artificial and needless ones; and the more thoroughly we rid ourselves of the latter, the more energy and spirit we can bring to bear upon the former.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

To keep one's opinion is a cheap pleasure, and a sweet one.

No man envies the merit of another who has enough of his own.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion, in all things.

Have the courage to obey your Maker, at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

We shall all be perfectly virtuous when there is no longer any flesh on our bones.

If we cannot live so as to be happy, let us live so as to at least deserve happiness.

What is defeat? Nothing but education, nothing but the first step to something better.

A rule for living happily with others, is to avoid having stock subjects of disputation.

Where a cause is good, an appeal should be directed to the heart rather than the head.

A person under the firm persuasion that he can command resources virtually has them.

Keep carefully out of a quarrelsome person's way, and still more carefully out of his ways.

Have the courage to provide entertainment for your friends within your means—not beyond.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Happiness depends not so much on means and opportunities as on the capacity of using them.

Our happiness depends less upon the art of pleasing than it does upon a uniform disposition to please.

If you want to do right, you must be right. There is no such thing as well-doing apart from well-being.

Be at least as polite to father, mother, child, as to others; for they are more important to you than any other.

If you hit the mark, you must aim a little above it; every arrow that flies feels the attraction of the earth.

It is the pleasure of the gods—that what is in conformity with justice shall also be in conformity to the laws.

Whatever people may think of you, do that which you believe right. Be alike indifferent to censure or praise.

A right mind and generous affection have more beauty and charms than all other symmetries in the world besides.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than to seek credit for knowledge under false pretences.

The moment we feel angry in controversy we have already ceased striving for truth and begun striving for ourselves.

Philanthropy, like charity, must begin at home. From this centre our sympathies may extend in an ever-extending circle.

He who is dear to the heart is near, though far as he can be, he whom the heart rejects is remote, though near as our very self.

Smiles are the higher and better responses of nature to the emotions of the soul. Let the children have the benefit of them.

Any coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning; but give me the man who has pluck to fight when he is sure of losing.

As the soil however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind without cultivation can never produce good fruit.

Every man is not so much a workman in the world as he is a suggestion of what he should be. Men walk as prophecies of the next age.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for dishonest duplicity by whomsoever exhibited.

Where are there two things so opposite and yet so nearly related, so unlike and yet often so hard to be distinguished from each other, as humility and pride?

Conversation should be pleasant, without scurrility, witty without affectation, free without indecency, learned without conceitedness, novel without falsehood.

True glory consists in doing what deserves a place in history, writing what deserves to be read, and in so living as to make the world happier and better for our living in it.

Expect not praise without envy until you are are dead. Honors bestowed on the illustrious dead have in them no admixture of envy; for the living pity the dead; and pity and envy, like oil and vinegar, assimilate not.

Educate all the faculties and propensities of children; but, above all, see that the conscience, the balance-wheel of the moral system, is trained unto perfect accord with the principles of positive truth and absolute justice.

If Satan ever laughs it must be at hypocrites. They are the greatest dupes he has. They serve him better than any others, but receive no wages. Nay, what is still more extraordinary, they submit to greater mortifications than the sincerest Christians.

We are ruined not by what we really want but by what we think we do; therefore never go abroad in search of your wants; if they are real wants, they will come home in search of you; for she who buys what she does not want will soon want what she cannot buy.

Never be ashamed to confess your ignorance, for the wisest man on earth is ignorant of many things, insomuch that what he knows is mere nothing in comparison with what he does not know. There cannot be a greater folly in the world than to suppose we know everything.

The most glorious exploits do not always furnish with the clearest discoveries of virtue or vice in men. Sometimes a matter of less moment, an expression or a jest, informs us better of their characters and inclinations than the most famous sieges, the greatest armaments, or the bloodiest battles whatsoever.

THY MOTHER.

Lead thy mother tenderly
Down life's steep decline;
Once her arm was thy support,
Now she leans on thine.
See upon her loving face
Those deep lines of care;
Think—it was her toil for thee
Left that record there.

Ne'er forget her tireless watch
Kept by day and night,
Taking from her step the grace,
From her eye the light;
Cherish well her faithful heart,
Which, thro' weary years,
Echoed with its sympathy
All thy smiles and tears.

Thank God for thy mother's love;
Guard the priceless boon;
For the bitter parting hour
Cometh all too soon.
When thy grateful tenderness
Loses power to save,
Earth will hold no dearer spot
Than thy mother's grave.

A MODERN DELUGE.

A year before, the place had been a wild, unbroken prairie, with here and there tracts of woodland. The people had come with the advancing railroad, and there was now a town. They called it Bay City, possibly from the fact that there was no bay there. The nearest stream of any size was ten miles to the eastwaad, and this was only navigable for light steamers at high stages of the water. With that curious completeness of modern frontier life, the town within ninety days of the time the first rough shanty was put up had a post-office, churches, school-house, stores and saloons. The people had arrived, settled down, laid out the city, and assumed a certain state of civilization within the space of three months. Though coming from fourteen different nations, total strangers to each other, and hardly able to master the legal language of their adopted country, they seemed to imbibe at once with the free air of the prairie that spirit of fraternity, helpfulness and good nature that characterizes the Western American. With it all there was also the deeper human nature that underlies all tongues and nationalities.

In these raw, unpainted houses lived men and women, young children, young men and maidens. Where these are spring friendship, sweet domestic life, hope, jealousy, patience, virtue, selfishness and love. It was not all of life to grub up the rough sod, to fell the trees, to plant, to build fences, to buy and sell and make a home. When night fell, and the lovers' moon rose above ragged woods, there were young men and maidens, shining eyes under homely hoods, and whisperings on the silent, open prairie, where only the stars could hear.

Among those thus thrown together in a new land, as it were in an eddy of the mighty stream of immigration, was Mina Landerfelt. Her father, evidently released from Prussian military service too late to be of any value to himself, had taken a quarter section, and with some help from the neighbors, particularly the Americans, had reared some kind of a house just at the edge of the woods. Here with him lived Mina, stout of heart and strong of limb, his daughter and more than helpmeet. Wife and mother there was none. She slept near Bingen on the Rhine.

With the others came also Silas Higgins, from Vermont, half farmer, half sailor, a wanderer with neither home nor friends. He, too, had run up a yellow shanty, and lived alone, his own housekeeper, man-of-all-work, gardener and carpenter. There were whispers through the place that he was in some sense wanting, a witless creature, visionary and unpractical. This last, in the eyes of the Americans, was enough to place him at once among the failures. He had a few tools, chiefly an axe, which he could wield with wonderful skill, and his services were always in request. He seemed a shy man, reserved, silent, and not social. This, too, was against him, in the opinion of the foreign element. Moreover, he saved his money, which in the eyes of the saloonkeepers and patrons was a serious fault.

He was, in truth, a man ignorant of himself. His life from his youth up had been so rough, so marked by toil, neglect and hardship, that he had grown patiently dull. He had not yet waked up to human life. He had been too long struggling for food. Mina came—and he lived. He was at the rough shed that served as a railway station when she and her father were set down on the raw prairie, weary, frightened and a little dazed at the strange place and stranger people. He had even spoken her about her baggage, and offered elf as house-builder—for they mus ave a house. She understood not a word, and yet she did understand, and blushed and smiled upon him.

Six months passed, and a new man had been born of full stature in that place. He was a thinker, an observer and an inventor. If he toiled before, now he worked. If they had thought him stupid once, now they called him insane. He saw Mina every day, for her father's land adjoined his own. He had often tried to speak to her, but it had not been a happy conversation, and yet it served to thrill him with something new, which he guessed at, but could not name. It seemed too good to name or speak of, except to himself. He could not tell her. He could only show her, some day, by some grand deed, and then she would know and understand.

His new birth made him an observer, and this is what he observed: the one great danger that overhung the town was fire. If a forest fire should ever get beyond control, nothing could save the place, the farms, the houses, or even the people. Flight would be nearly impossible. Where could they go from the fire that outran the wind? Where could they hide from a tempest of flame? From observing he moved on, impelled by a desire to do something, if need came, for Mina, to invention. He would prepare for that dreadful day—the coming of fire. Not with swift horses to run to the river; that were idle. He would stay and fight the fire. He would build an ark of safety against the deluge of smoke and flame. He thought much about the matter, and even neglected his work and wandered about the country, spade in hand, in search of something. He soon found it, almost a mile from the town, and at once sold part of his land, and with the proceeds bought what seemed a worthless tract of land on the banks of a little run. He smiled in a quiet way to himself when the bargain was complete. The ignorant settler had practically sold a mine—a mine of alumina, most precious of metals, but wrapped in the dull disguise of a clay bank.

'Guess she'll have me when I put up my brickyard."

It was not for this he bought the clay bank. He wanted the clay for another purpose, and the idea of making bricks was an afterthought. That was a little notion that would keep. First he must prepare for the deluge. Already four weeks had passed without rain. The dust in the rough streets was almost unbearable. Three nights before he had seen a suspicious glare on the far southern horizon, where the grass seemed to meet the sky.

"The day o' judgment is leafin' round somewhere. It's time the ark was afloat."

The next day he hired a man and cart to team clay from his new mine to his land in the village. The man shoveled up wealth and did not know it, and was content with two dollars a day for self and horse. As for Silas, he refused all offers of work, and staid at home busy in one corner of his land, well removed from trees or other buildings. By nightfall he had set up in the ground a stockade of stout posts, making an enclosure almost thirty feet square, with a narrow opening at one side, which seemed to serve as a gate. Without and within, the stockade was covered with laths, while birch brush was woven in between the posts in a rude kind of basket work.

At nightfall the people gathered about the structure with curious questions as to its object. Was it house, pound, corral, or what? To all of which he would only reply, "It's a 'kara,' which means ark o' safety." He seemed to work upon the thing with a sort of mad haste, eating his meals in the open air, scarcely sleeping at all, and toiling nineteen hours in one day. By the third day a heavy flat roof had been added, supported by rough posts sunk in the ground, within the structure. One narrow opening had been left for a door, and a square hole near the roof seemed intended for a window. From carpenter he turned plasterer. The dry clay brought from his pit was tempered with water, and with a big wooden trowel he plastered over the entire structure, without and within, with a heavy coat of clay.

Now were the people convinced the man was insane. Even Mina, who had watched the work from her father's house, was moved to a mixture of pity and doubt—doubt of her own feelings toward so foolish a man, and doubt perhaps of the people, and dimly wondering if it were not they who were insane. Once, in the night, she had risen to wait on her father, who was ailing, and had gone out in the dark to draw some water. It seemed like the approach of dawn, for there was a rosy glow in the sky. By its uncertain light she saw Silas toiling in frantic haste at his crazy scheme. She stood watching unobserved for a moment, and then heard through the stillness of the night the refrain of some old Puritan hymn.

"Ya, the Lord abides with him," she said in German, and then she went into the house, sure that he was not insane, and with a vague dread of something, she knew not what. It was strange the sky was so red at that early hour.

Having covered the walls with clay and spread the entire roof thick with it, he built a roaring bonfire inside the structure. More crazy than ever, the people said. He even piled brushwood against the walls of the structure and set fire to this also, so that the building without and within seemed destined to entire destruction. Some of the people remonstrated with him, and said it was dangerous to build such a fire in such a dry time, when the prairie was like tinder and the forests only kindling-wood. He pointed to two large tubs standing near, each filled with water that was muddy with clay. He would watch the fire. It would do no harm. Many idlers gathered near to see the thing burn down, but to their surprise it remained intact. By night the fire burned out, and the next day the curious mud-colored hut had put on a dull brick red.

The work was complete, and Silas sat in his house taking much needed rest, when one of the older settlers, a sharp-faced Yankee, called at the open door.

"Been lookin' at that ark o' yours. Cur'us concern, but I guess she'll do. Goin' to charge much for storage o' papers and valuables?"

"You've struck my notion of thing, neighbor—only valuables received. Rents will be high, and if wuss comes to wuss, cargo will be liable to be thrown overboard to save life. Understand?"

"No. Storage and insurance is storage and insurance. Didn't like the looks o' things last night. There's smoke in the air now. Got some papers o' vally here, and if rents are not too high I'd like to store 'em against fire."

"The kara was not built for cargo; it's for passengers. I'll take your stuff, if trouble comes, but it will cost you ten dollars a day for every square foot of space, and if I must throw it out to save life, out it will go."

"Folks will never lock themselves in that oven. It's only fit for papers and the like."

"Mebbe not. We'll see when it comes."

In one day the opinion of the town changed from one extreme to another. They had called Silas Higgins a crazy fool. Now he was the wisest and clearly the richest man on the section. He owned a clay bank and a safe deposit—two banks of unknown capacity for wealth.

Nothing happened for three weeks, and the brick hut would have been forgotten had not its black and red walls been in plain sight of the main street. There were new arrivals every day, new houses going up, and for all who would work, plenty to do at good wages. Silas made little progress with his love affair. Mina seemed more distant than ever. Some countrymen had arrived, and a lager beer garden had been opened, where at night there was music and dancing. Among these was one handsome youth who seemed to have plenty of leisure and money. He played the fiddle at the saloon, and by day was often at the yellow shanty of the Landerfelts. Silas Higgins seemed to accept the situation with that quiet patience that is born of much disappointment.

"She'll have him. He kin fiddle and dance, and she likes that. He does not work over much, nor sile his hands. Mebbe she likes that kind."

The stranger's suit—for such it seemed—appeared to prosper. Twice Silas met them as he was walking back from a day's work at his clay bank. Already he had interested enough of the little capital in the place to start a small brickyard, and he had given up his carpentry to become a manufacturer. It was nightfall the second time he met them. They were walking arm in arm along the dusky road toward the town when he overtook them. There was, low in the north, a faint glare in the sky, and as he passed Mina stopped and in rather wild English asked him what it meant.

"It's the day o' judgment. And, Miss Mina, if wuss comes to wuss, don't try to run. It will outrun the fastest horse. Don't run, but come to me."

Her companion, who plainly understood better than Mina, laughed, and said to her in German: "The wind is the wrong way. There is no danger; and if there were, I would take care of you."

"The day had been hot and sultry, with a fitful breeze and yellow sky. The air seemed pungent and full of strange odors. Toward night the wind changed suddenly, and blew hot and dry from the northwest. Silas prepared his evening meal with his own hands, as was his custom, and sat down listless, with no appetite, and heavy with disappointment, and filled with a vague dread of something he could not define. Just as he sat down there came a hurried knock at the door. He took a lamp, and opened the door. There was no need of a lamp. It was as light as day, and he saw in the road a team, with two men unloading a huge trunk. By the door stood the Eastern man.

"Here it is. Measure it yourself. Me and my pards are going to run for the river. If we never get back, bust open the trunk and take your pay out o' what ye find."

The two men took the trunk and ran with it to the kara, and then as quickly ran back to their team. Just then a four-horse wagon loaded with men, women and children was driven at frantic speed past the house. There were shouts and cries in the air. Above all rose a deep, sullen roar—a something advancing through the forest behind the town. The road was filled with cattle as by magic, bellowing and tossing their horns. He heard a child scream by the gate, and ran bare-headed to see what it meant. A child lay by the road, trampled upon by the fleeing cattle. He took it up tenderly in his arms and ran for the brick hut.

The deluge had come. The ark was ready. He laid the child down inside, hauled the trunk within, and with wonderful skill took up a kind of rough shutter coated with clay and jammed it into the one window, where it seemed to fit tight; then plunging his hand in a tub that stood ready by the window, he took up wet clay and plastered it all over the crack round the shutter.

Before it was half done a dozen frantic men and women were at the door, some with bundles, some with children in their arms.

"Help me!" cried Silas. "Rig up the door and get the women inside."

Ready hands seemed to catch the hint, and in a moment the door was hung and ready to close.

"Don't be scart. Keep outside as long as ye kin to save the air. Just watch the thing half a minute."

Then he was gone. How he reached the Landerfelts' he never knew. Mina stood by the door stupefied with horror. They had no horse. Whither could they fly before such a sea of fire? Her father seemed to have become utterly helpless, and lay upon the bed and moaned. Mina met him at the door. Not a word was said, and Silas paused just for a moment irresolute. Could he save both?

"Mein fader."

"Yes. I'll carry him, it you can walk."

She did not understand. She did not see how he could save them, and supposed he had come perhaps to die with them.

"No, no! Go—you go—run—run!"

It was all she could say in English, though she talked volubly in German. He entered the house and took the sick man on his back, and then together they started—she blindly, being half crazed with the red wonder all about them. Half the town was on fire. All the sky was an oven, the woods were a furnace. It's hot breath was in their faces.

On reaching the kara they found it tightly closed. The people had selfishly gone inside and left them to their fate.

"Open the door! Open the door, or I will tear it down!"

The heat was intolerable, the smoke blinding. He laid his burden on the ground and looked at Mina.

"Mina, I built that for you, agin this day. These wretches have stole it; but they shall die with us. I'll ruin it in half a minute. Anyway, I can die with you, and that's something. Open the door, or I break the hull thing to pieces!"

There was a movement inside as if some humanity was struggling with brutal selfishness. Then the door was opened slightly.

"The man that done this deserves to be killed, and I'll do it. Open the door, or I'll destroy ye altogether."

It seemed almost too late. The door was pried open, and Mina crept in, and then her father, now quite senseless, was passed in.

"Wait a bit now till I fix it all snug."

He thrust both hands into the tub of clay outside the door, and plastered it over the cracks round the window as if to make doubly sure.

"Mein Gott! Look at him!"

To his surprise, Mina stood beside him. She had crept out again, and stood pointing toward the street. There, reeling and stumbling along, was a man with a violin case under his arm. He seemed to be lost and blinded in a sea of fire.

"Let him die. It is too late. He never will get here."

"Mein Gott! mein Gott! He bewildered."

Suddenly Silas sprang into the tub of clay and water and then leaped out again. His feet were shod with clay.

"Give me your shawl."

He took it from her and wrapped it round his head, splashing the wet clay over it and upon his body.

"Mina, I love you. Good-by."

The people inside the hut began to close the door again, and one of them roughly pulled Mina toward the door. She broke away and stood gazing into the fiery furnace with her arm before her face to keep away the heat. It was all the work of a moment. The creature fell twice, but was somehow dragged along over the smouldering grass past the blazing fence, not one second too soon.

The door, damaged by the attempts to close it, seemed about to fall, but Silas stood ready, and at every tiny puff of smoke that entered he aimed a wad of wet clay to keep out the thin fingers of the fire. The heat within the place was fearful, yet none complained. It was, indeed, an ark of safety. They heard the deluge go past and waited patiently till it subsided.

Not a word was said during the whole two hours they were prisoners in the hut. At last Silas spoke and said:

"We kin just thank the Lord for His marcies. I guess it's 'bout over."

He tore down the door, and they all came forth, a sorry company in a desert of ashes, brilliantly lighted by the burning town; not a house or a fence standing; absolute poverty for all; nothing saved but life. The fire had burned close up to the kara on every side, and left it unscathed. They all filed slowly out, the man with the violin case being close behind Silas. He had clung to it through all.

"Better call the poll and see who's saved," said Silas. "Come out, all of ye, and give yer names. Are all of ye here?"

"No, sir," said one man. "There's a wretched Dutchman hiding there still. He was the first to get in. It was he who suggested to close the door and shut you and the gal and the old man out."

"Call the skunk out."

The situation was too terrible for choice of words. Two men dragged the creature out, and he stood cowering before them all. It was the violinist.

"Oh!" cried Mina; "it were a mistake. He—who was he—the man saved with the violin?"

The creature with the violin case spoke for himself. He was second fiddle at the garden.

"Never seen this gal before, did ye, mister?"

The man looked at Mina, and shook his head.

"This gal kinder begged for yer life. I fetched ye in, thinking—wa'al—thinking you was—that—that Dutchman."

"Mina," said Silas before them all, "there be times when it don't make no kinder difference what company is round. I built this ark for you against the day o' judgment. It has come. I love ye, and ye must jedge between us—that—that thing and me."

She took his arm, and he winced. "Don't! It's burnt pretty bad. Never mind. It's all right. I always knew ye loved me."

The Etiquette of Cards.

Visiting cards play so large a part in the social life of our cities that it is well to understand their use. It is not a crime to turn down wrong corners of visiting cards, but it is at least better to turn them rightly. A young girl from a Western city, making a visit to a lady in Boston, sent up her card with the corner turned down—a thing that should never be done when the person called upon is at home. This mistake, made by a refined young lady, suggests the desirableness of a little technical information for girls brought up in parts of the country where card etiquette is less understood than in our large cities. When a call is made with a hope to see the person called upon, inquiry should be made at the door if the lady is at home, and if so, a card should be sent up, that there may be no mistake as to the visitor's name. When it is a regular reception day, on which the lady of the house has given out that she will stay at home to see her friends, no card should be sent up to her, but the visitor should leave one upon the hall-table. When the person visited is not at home, either the whole right-hand end, or the upper right-hand corner, of the card may be turned down, as a token that the visitor has called in person. The best way to make what the French call the "visit of digestion," after a dinner, or the call after an evening party, is—except in cases of real intimacy—to leave a turned-down card, as it would be too great a tax on the time of a hostess if she were compelled to receive each guest again, separately. Cards may be sent by post, on arriving at a place, to notify friends of one's presence in town, and may also be sent on departure, marked "P. P. C."—*pour prendre conge*—to take leave. A married lady who is strictly punctilious about social observances leaves her husband's card with her own. The English style of gentlemen's cards, which is being widely adopted in America, is a small card, not much more than half the size of a lady's. But a Frenchman still uses cards as large as his wife's, as was formerly the American custom. It is much better never to turn a card down than to turn it down not according to rule, for not to turn it is of no consequence, while, for instance, to send a turned-down card to a lady who is at home does betray ignorance of the social "convenances" one is attempting to observe.

A NEW YORK foundry has a steam hammer that strikes four hundred times a minute. Passers-by imagine that it is a Chicago girl taking her music lesson.

Victoria's Domestic Despotism.

The biographies of queens and their families prove how great is the cause for gratitude for the privilege of not belonging to any of them. This dreary fate might have happened by a mere accident of birth. It is a narrow and fortunate escape. To be a queen, prince or princess is drudgery and thraldom. The letters of the Princess Alice, like all literary emanations from persons of royal birth, confirm this fact. The tedious details of her cramped and monotonous court life give strong evidence of its emptiness. But throughout the pitiful revelation this truly good and self-sacrificing princess wrote occasional truthful observations, of which the following is one of the best:

"People with strong feelings and of nervous temperament, for which one is no more responsible than for the color of one's eyes, have things to fight against and to put up with unknown to those of quiet and equable dispositions, who are free from violent emotions, and have consequently no feeling of nerves—still less of irritable nerves. One can overcome a great deal, but alter one's self one cannot."

Queen Victoria apparently has a mania for opposition. While her subjects are comparatively free, her sons and daughters are in bondage. She is more deserving of the title "Madame Veto" than was the unfortunate Marie Antoinette during the French revolution. The Queen curtails sociability, customs, high-neck dresses, opinions, plans, pastimes, Princes and Princesses. Everything and everybody connected with the royal family are submitted to her august approval, and she seldom approves of anything but piety, prudence, precedence and unlimited hard work performed by others in her name. The Prince and Princess of Wales are the hardest worked of all the court slaves. They are forced to pass a great portion of their time in presenting flags, opening schools, hospitals, charities, bazars, presiding at all varieties of public functions and State ceremonies, and laying of corner stones of churches, piers, and in working for their future popularity. And in the midst of their few breathing spells and pleasures they are invariably and suddenly recalled to Windsor, to Balmoral or to Osborne House, to lunch with the Queen. Their lot is not to be envied. It must be a crumb of consolation to the Socialists, the Nihilists, the dynamiters, the O'Donovan Rossas and the rest of the discontented people.

Cotton Picking by Machinery.

The perfection of a practical cotton picking machine is regarded as certain to "revolutionize labor" at the South. A machine of this kind has long been desired, as second in importance only to the cotton gin; and it is claimed that a success has at last been attained by Mr. Mason, of Sumter, S. C. An "imperfect" model has already picked 300 pounds in an hour. The improved machine, which the inventor has now completed, is expected to pick 600 pounds an hour. One hand and a pair of horses will do the work of fifty hands, as at present employed. Harvesting that now costs $30 is reduced to $2.50, the saving per bale being $6. Mason is spoken of enthusiastically as "the Mahdi of the South, who is to deliver the cotton grower from his greatest trouble, and rescue him from merchants' claims and storekeepers' bills—to revolutionize the entire situation of labor." The inventor has refused $1,000,000 for his patent, and, backed by abundant capital, will engage in the manufacture and sale of the machines. It is probable that it will be found that there are still difficulties to be overcome; but if a trial machine has actually accomplished what is claimed for it, there can be no doubt that the invention is perfectible. In view of the mechanical progress during the past thirty years, it will not do to say that a contrivance of this sort is impracticable.

The effect of such an invention upon colored labor—for this is the only sort that has been trained to pick cotton—is variously estimated. The Southern papers generally concede that it will, at first, greatly injure the colored people in the cotton States. But eventually, it is thought, "the cotton picker will be of material benefit to the Southern colored people, as they will be drawn from the fields into the mills as operatives, or into the cities, where they will earn more money as house servants and the like, with better educational advantages; while for those who remain industriously at agriculture there will be, with thrift and economy, improved opportunity for advancement. They will, it is argued, in time become, through means of this cotton picker, land owners and planters, instead of hired laberers." We see no reason why the picker should injure the laborers in the cotton belt permanently, any more than the reaper and binder, or the threshers, injured the laborers in the wheat belt. It will enable the planters to increase greatly their acreage, to gather their crop at the critical time when it is ready, and to add largely to their profits. And this should add to the general prosperity of their section, in which all industrious and temperate citizens will share.

Bellowing Bassos.

A good story is told of John Gilbert, the primo basso, who succeeded the late George Conly in the Abbott opera troupe, and who will make his reappearance next season in legitimate English opera. "Jack," as his intimate friends call him, is a great "kidder," and occasionally indulges his fondness for a practical joke. When the lamented Conly was at the height of his artistic career, he visited his native city, Philadelphia, where Gilbert was then studying for the lyric stage with Signor Ettore Barili, the half brother and only teacher of Adeline Patti, who had likewise been the teacher of Conly. One day the two bassos met at Hornickel's Cafe, a favorite resort for professional people.

"I'll wager you that I can break a pane of glass by simply swelling on one note," said Gilbert.

"I'll wager you'll not be able to do it, and that I will," said Conly.

"Done!" exclaimed Gilbert.

Conly began the contest. The window rattled violently, and though the glass did not break there was a great panic among the waiters. Then Gilbert tried and two panes were shattered at once. Conly owned up that he had lost, and was inconsolable at his discomfiture until he discovered that Gilbert had placed a couple of friends outside the window, who played their parts admirably and smashed the panes with their canes at the time Gilbert's bellowing was engaging the attention of Conly and the spectators.

Soft Hands Out of Date.

The place was the house of a wealthy family in Fifth avenue, New York. The oracle, President Barnard of Columbia College, was discussing on the thoroughness with which genuine good breeding imbued a human being with refinement.

"With my eyes blinded, as they are," he remarked—he wore eye bandages because of temporary inflammation—"I could probably distinguish by a shake of the hand between a person of refinement and a person of coarseness."

"Let us test you, Mr. Barnard," said the mischievous young hostess.

"Agreed," said he.

Here let me interpolate some information as to the fashion in hands. There was a time, not long ago, when the elegant belle slept with greased hands in old gloves and by day kept them carefully hidden from the sun, like mushrooms growing white in a cellar, so that they might look and feel as though they they had never come in contact with anything rougher than satin. It is wholly different now; athletic sports are in high approval. The daughter of wealth grasps oars, tennis bats, bridle reins and tricycle handle-bars, all without gloves, and she is proud of the callous palms which ensue, and the red rosiness of the knuckles that used to be the hue of the lily. Her liking for out-door exercise has not yet taken her into the base-ball field, where her fingers might get permanently disfigured by breakage, and so the hands are not becoming distorted, though they will never again be quite so small or soft as they were. Well, Barnard evidently was not posted in this material matter, for he fell precipitately into the trap set for him.

"I will call in my maid," said the rogue, "and you shall shake hands with her. She is illiterate and can hardly say 'boo' without violating some grammatical rule. She's without a bit of culture. You shall also shake hands with a young lady who, as you will admit when told her name, is nothing short of cultured perfection. But mind you, sir, you mustn't allow yourself to judge by the softness or hardness of palm."

"No," he promised, I will identify the lady and the maid solely by the subtle characteristics of their clasp."

Nevertheless, he declared that the maid, who was brought in to give him her small, smooth, pliant hand, was the lady, and that the lady, who had a leathery hand in his, was the servant. If girls go on using their hands for pleasure, the novels with lily-fingered and velvet-palmed heroines will have to be revised.

Being Understood.

The importance of the art of being able to express one's self, either in conversation or in writing, cannot be overestimated. Yet, if one may judge from the talk of his neighbors in a railway car, and from the columns of the average newspaper, there is no branch of learning that, considering its importance, is so neglected. If he has plenty of time at his disposal almost every one can make himself understood, but too often the number of words used is out of all proportion to the ideas. The peculiarly nervous temperament, and the limited vocabulary of most Americans, lead them to express themselves in a vague, verbose fashion. They are too long in getting at the pith of what they are talking about; and when they reach this point their inability to remember the two or three words, that would put their thoughts in a compact, intelligible form, compels them to use ten, where one, if it were the right one, would have been sufficient. Not infrequently this vagueness is a cloak assumed for the moment to cover imperfect information or ill-defined ideas regarding the subject that is being discussed.

The false pride which shows itself in a desire to seem to know something about of which one knows little or nothing, is the cause of much loose, meaningless talk, which may serve its purpose temporarily, but which more oftener leaves a listener in such a state of uncertainty that he is as likely as not to attribute his doubts to his own dulness. Honesty, simplicity and exactness are not qualities that are conspicuous in the conversation of an ordinary American, or even in that of a man of liberal education. The temptation to extravagance and insincerity, which, strictly speaking, are forms of dishonesty, is great, especially if one wishes to create the impression that he is unusually clever; and simplicity and exactness of statement, being oftentimes unattainable, give way to circumlocution and generalities. The result is that one gives at best only imperfect expression to his ideas.

Arab Oddities.

An Arab on entering his house removes his shoes, but not his hat. He mounts his horse upon the right side, while his wife milks the cow on the left side. In writing a letter he puts nearly all his compliments on the outside. With him the point of a pin is its head, whilst its head is made its heel. His head must be wrapped up warm even in Summer, while his feet may well enough go naked in Winter. Every article of merchandise which is liquid he weighs, but he measures wheat, barley, and a few other articles. He reads and writes from right to left. He eats scarcely anything for breakfast, about as much for dinner; but after the day's work is done, he sits down to a hot meal swimming in oil, or, better yet, boiled butter. His sons eat with him, but the females of his house wait till his lordship is done. He rides a donkey when travelling, his wife walking behind. He laughs at the idea of walking in the street with his wife, or of ever vacating his seat for a woman. He knows no use for chairs, tables, knives, forks, or even spoons unless they are wooden ones. Bedsteads, bureaus, and fireplaces may be placed in the same category. If he be an artisan he does his work sitting, perhaps using his foot to hold what his hands are engaged upon. He drinks cold water with a spoon, but never bathes in it unless his home is on the seashore. He is rarely seen drunk, is deficient in affection for his kindred, has little curiosity and no imitation, no wish to improve his mind, no desire to surround himself with the comforts of life.

No editor has ever been elected President. This accounts for our enormous National debt.

THE present fashion of bait bouquets causes a great many flowers to be waisted.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Sept. 24, 1884

BLAINE'S RECORD.

PORTIONS OF THE MULLIGAN LETTERS NEVER BEFORE GIVEN TO THE PUBLIC.

The Damning Story of Dishonesty, Corruption and Sycophancy Which They Tell.

Boston, September 14.—The Mulligan letters hitherto unpublished will be printed in all the Boston papers to-morrow. The reason Mr. Fisher gives for having the letters printed is that he considered it a duty to have them published for the benefit of the people of the United States.

In introducing the correspondence, Fisher and Mulligan say:

To the People of the United States:

Believing that it is our duty to lay before our fellow-countrymen the following documents which have been in our possession, we have placed, the original for safe keeping in the hands of Messrs. Sohier & Welch, counsellors of Boston, and herewith submit the contents without comment.

The letters from Mr. Fisher are letter press copies of the originals. The first letter from Blaine to Fisher is dated Augusta, Oct. 4, 1879, addressed, "My dear Mr. Fisher," and says:

Inclosed find $10,000 check in payment A. and D. Coburn's subscription. I presume you will receive by same mail the 20 per cent. due on all subscriptions already forwarded to you. This makes $125,000 in all I have disposed of. No one will ever know from me that I have disposed of a single dollar in Maine; so there need be no embarrassment talking with Caldwell.

In a letter written the following day, Blaine says:

I inclose $2,000 payment on P. Morrill's installment; $1,000 in pament Lot M. Morrill's installment. This makes $130,000. There may be $20,000, more but $150,000 will be my limit.

Under date of Augusta, Nov. 18, 1869, Blaine writes:

My dear Mr. Fisher:—It is quite evident to my mind that at the approaching session of Congress there will be an expansion of the currency to the amount of 50 or 75 millions of dollars. The form it will take I think will be an addition to the national bank circulation west and south. My object in writing is to ask in season if your friends would desire to establish a bank in Little Rock? It will be to some extent a matter of favoritism as to who gets the banks in the several localities, and it will be in my power to "cast an anchor to the winward" in your behalf, if you desire it. Please think over the matter and confer with Mr. Caldwell and let me know your desire as soon as you reach any conclusion. There is, of course, no special hurry, but I thought I would suggest the matter in order that you might mature your thoughts in good time. It would be well to determine the amount to which you might wish to go. I suppose it might be practicable to secure a $500,000 bank; but in that locality you would hardly wish to go so deep, but they are very profitable institutions. Say $250,000.

Writing under date of the House of Representatives, Dec. 1870, Blaine says to Fisher:

I have writen Mr. Caldwell about the bank. No trouble in securing a bank of $500,000. The Secretary of War will not allow the use of the Arsenal at Little Rock. Says it is impossible.

In a long letter dated two days later to Fisher, Blaine gives further details about the National Bank and 10-40 bonds to deposit to secure circulation. He advises taking the 10-40s. From Augusta, Dec. 29, 1870, Blaine writing about that now famous loan of $25,000, says:

He hopes now that I shall secure $25,000 or nearly that. Money is tight * * Have seen most of the parties to whom bonds are due. I would be glad to have the coupon I promised them *individually* to make it right in the future. I did not in any way use the name of the company nor commit you to anything—nor myself—I will make it all right with you. What I want, then, is $82,000 ($32,000 first mortgage bonds, $50,000 land bonds) and also for collateral to the notes for $25,000, an additional $50,000 of land bonds.

On January 27, 1871, writing to Fisher from the House, Blaine tells him he has written to Caldwell suggesting a meeting with Colonel Thomas A. Scott, and then adds:

I have some reason for believing that a very advantageous arrangement may be made for taking $300,000 * * * Let me have an accurate and reliable statement of your financial condition, and I can do something. I feel very sanguine with Thomas A. Scott. I think you will not deem me unreasonable when I again and persistently urge that I ought to have good notes for the $25,000, and that I ought also to have $82,000 bonds, which were made by yourself and Mr. Caldwell the express basis of the $25,000 loan. I do not believe your company has a stronger or more equitable and legal claim than mine, while its personal hardships to me are bitter and burning, and humiliating to the last degree.

On April 21, 1871, Blaine writes to Jos. Caldwell:

My dear Mr. Caldwell:—On 29 inst. the second note of the loan I negotiated in December falls due. The first for $2,032.50, which fell due March 1-4, I was compelled to meet at the gravest possible inconvenience to myself. I drew on Mr. Fisher for the amount but he declined to notice the draft. The note which falls due on the 29th instant is for $2,578.35. It seems extremely hard and unjust that I should be compelled to pay this money. It is no more my debt than the debt of President Grant or Queen Victoria, and I cannot believe that you and Fisher, both or either, intend to leave this burden on me. If you do it will crush me. have no possible means wherewith to meet these notes, and I beg of you and Mr. Fisher, either or both, to come to my relief.

In a letter from Fisher, under date of Jan. 4, he writes as follows:

"In regard to the $25,000 which you borrowed and loaned to Mr. Caldwell, or rather Mr. Pratt, as it was assumed by Mr. Pratt because you received from him $50,000 land bonds for the amount, upon my visiting the office for the first time after you left the city, Mr. Pratt said he and Mr. Farrington gave to you their individual bonds and they kept the money, and in order to obtain the money and get it out of Mr. Pratt's hands, I obtained $50,000 land bonds, and took what I supposed to be money, but it was not there. Part of it had been misapplied to other matters, $15,000 of it I loaned to Mr. Caldwell, the balance went into a house at Little Rock without my knowledge or consent, and Pulman cars, etc., etc." Now, my dear sir, if this be a correct statement may I not hope you will relieve me to the extent of the $15,000 and Mr. Fisher will surely pay the other $10,000. As a wholly innocent third party, doing my best to act as a sincere and steadfast friend to both of you, I ought not to be left exposed to financial ruin and personal humiliation. Please read this to Mr. Fisher. I have advised of my writing to you.

Mr. Caldwell sent the above letter to Mr. Fisher saying:

BOSTON, April 25, '71.

Dear Fisher:—I inclose letters from Mr. Blaine. I forgot to speak to you about them when I saw you this afternoon. I hope you can help him. I would if it were in my power. Blaine is an important man for us to have feel all right toward us, and I only wish that I was so situated that I could help him. Very truly yours, J. CALDWELL.

June 14, '72, Blaine writes to Fisher, saying among other things:

I am in a very painful and embarrassed situation growing out of my connection with the Fort Smith enterprise. I have paid and caused to be paid into your treasury about $250,000, and the only result to me is the most painful perplexity. The most painful of all, the most oppressive, is the $25,000 which I paid to Mr. Pratt for you January 2, which I borrowed here on my own faith and credit on the distinct understanding with you that it was to be repaid and that I was also to receive a certain proportion of the bonds. I have received only a part of the bonds, the larger part, and not a dollar of money. * * * If you will look at a copy of our agreement in your hands you will find there is still due some $70,000 of land bonds and $36,000 of first mortgage. In order to square myself with my friends, I need and must have $36,000 land bonds and $9,000 first mortgage—$45,000 in all, still leaving $51,000 of mine in your hands. Now, if you will take up these $100,000 of coupons, paying me the cash therefore and give me the $45,000 of bonds, I will let all the remainder of your matters stand until you are perfectly at ease and ready to open correspondence on the subject yourself. In other words, I will leave the matter in your hands until the Fort Smith enterprise is out of the woods and its tangled affairs well smoothed out."

From Boston, Sept. 30, 1876, Fisher writes to Blaine telling him that it is important that

Parties owning the $25,000 and invested by them in the Northern Pacific railroad should receive what is due them; and unless something is done about it I shall be forced to turn the document over to them and let you settle direct with them. I constantly reminded them about it and all they say: Why don't Blaine deliver to you our interest? Mr. Caldwell tells me he has paid you his last note due, and gave you the $50,000 land bonds in addition. I should judge it was for your interest to settle the matter at once and have no further delay. You must be your own judge in the matter, but my advice is to settle it at once.

Mr. Fisher wrote again, Oct. 24, 1871, to Blaine, saying:

I have heretofore advised you that I had been frequently importuned for the securities of the Northern Pacific road, and as a last resort I had to surrender your obligation for the benefit of the parties in interest, who now say that after so long delay they will take the securities, but require you to refund the money.

Blaine wrote to Fisher from Augusta, Nov. 5, '71, in reference to his $25,000 loan, and complaining of delay in settlement. Fisher in his reply says:

You have had more bonds than you state in your letter. If you have given any to parties at Washington or disposed of them to others, it is no concern of mine, and of course must be accounted for in any settlement hereafter.

Blaine again writes Fisher, Nov. 8, '71, about settlement:

I am ready to receive any kind of reasonable proposition you may make. It is not a question of money making with me. It is simply a question of saving my word with others. I will sacrifice a great deal to get a settlement. I feel assured of your friendly disposition toward me and therefore I do not wish to seem importunate and troublesome, but if you knew the agonies I have suffered in the matter during the past six months you would pity me I am sure, and make great efforts to relieve me. Pray let me know what I am to expect.

On Nov. 10 Fisher wrote to Blaine saying that he (Fisher) had carried out all contracts strictly, concluding thus:

I know but little of your obligations to deliver bonds to others, but taking into account the $100,000 you sold to Tom Scott, and the amount you received on the Eastern contract, our relative positions financially in the Little Rock & Ft. Smith road bear a wide contrast.

In reply to Blaine's of April 13, '72, already published, Fisher wrote as follows:

My Dear Blaine:—Your favor of 13th instant reached me this morning. I am surprised at its contents. I have loaned you at various times, when you were comparatively poor, very large sums of money and never have you paid me one dollar from your own pocket, either principal or interest. I have paid sundry amounts to others to whom you were indebted and these debts you have allowed to stand unpaid, like the notes I hold. I have placed you in a position whereby you have received very large sums of money without one dollar of expense to you, and you ought not to forget to act on my part. Of all the parties connected with the Little Rock and Fort Smith road no one has been so fortunate as yourself in obtaining money out of it. You obtained subscriptions from your friends in Maine for the building of the Little Rock and Fort Smith road. Out of their subscriptions you obtained a large amount both of bonds and money free of cost to you. I have your own figures and know the amount. Owing to your political position you were able to work off all your bonds at a very high price, and the fact is well known to others as well as myself. Would your friends in Maine be satisfied if they knew the facts? Are my associates satisfied to have you obtain $25,000 for the Northern Pacific railroad, and you not make the investment as per agreement? By the course you have thought proper to take in regard to my request is rather a poor one, taking your relations with me, and I again ask you to consider it and grant it. You will find it much easier to pay by obtaining the credit, and I selected that course thinking it to be the best. If you again decline I shall be obliged to use the notes or sell them to outside purchasers. Necessity knows no law.

The expression "obtaining the credit" in the above letter, refers to a request by Fisher that Blaine should give him a letter of credit, to be drawn against Fisher during a proposed European trip, Blaine being at the time indebted to Fisher for borrowed money, for which Fisher held Blaine's demand promissory note. From Washington, April 16, 1875, Blaine wrote to Fisher, marked confidential:

You can do me a very great favor, and I know it will give you pleasure to do so, just as I would do for you under similar circumstances. Certain persons and papers are trying to throw mud at me to injure my candidacy before the Cincinnati Convention, and you may observe they are trying it in connection with the Little Rock and Fort Smith matter. I want you to send me a letter, such as the inclosed draft. You will receive this tomorrow (Monday) evening and it will be a favor I shall never forget if you will at once write me the letter and mail the same evening. The letter is strictly true; is honorable to you and to me and will stop the mouths of slanderers at once. Regard the letter as strictly confidential; do not show it to any one. The draft is in the hands of my clerk, who is as trustworthy as any man can be. If you can't get the letter written in season for the 9 o'clock mail to New York, please be sure to mail it during the night so that it will start first mail Tuesday morning.

But if possible, I pray you to get it in the 9 o'clock mail Monday evening. Kind regards to Mrs. Fisher. Sincerely,

J. G. B.

Burn this letter.

The following is the inclosure referred to in the preceding letter:

BOSTON, April, 1876.—To Hon. James G. Blaine, Washington, D. C.: Dear Sir—I observe that certain newspapers are making or rather insinuating the absurd charge that you own or had owned $150,000 of Little Rock and Fort Smith railroad bonds, and that you had in some way obtained them as a gratuity. The enterprise of building the Little Rock and Fort Smith railroad was undertaken in 1869 by a company of Boston gentlemen, of whom I was myself one. The bonds of the road were put on market in this city, on what was deemed very advantageous terms to the purchasers. They were sold largely through myself. You became the purchaser of about $30,000 of the bonds on precisely the same terms that every other buyer received, paying for them in instalments running over a considerable period just as others did. The transaction was perfectly open and there was no more secrecy in regard to it than if you had been buying flour or sugar. I am sure you never owned a bond on the road that you did not pay for at the market rate. Indeed, I am sure that no one received bonds on any other terms. When the road got into financial difficulty and the loss fell upon you, you still retained your bonds and you held them clear through to the re-organization of the company in 1874, exchanging them for stock and bonds of the new company. You acquired also some demands against the new company by reason of your having joined with others in raising some money when the company was in pressing need. For the recovery of that money proceedings are now pending in the United States Circuit Court in Arkansas, to which you are openly a party of record. Concealment of the investment and everything connected with it would have been very easy had concealment been desirable, but your action in the whole matter was as open and as fair as the day. When the original enterprise failed I knew with what severity the pecuniary loss fell upon you, and with what integrity and nerve you met it. Years have since elapsed. It seems rather hard at this late day to be compelled to meet a slander in a matter where your conduct was in the highest degree honorable and straightforward. You may use this letter in any way that will be of service to you. Very sincerely yours,

W. F., JR.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD — (Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May, 11, 1884

	WESTWARD.		
ERIE MAIL	leaves Philadelphia		11 20 p m
"	" Harrisburg		3 20 a m
"	" Montandon		5 45 a m
"	" Williamsport		7 25 a m
"	" Jersey Shore		7 57 a m
"	" Lock Haven		8 25 a m
"	" Renovo		9 35 a m
"	arr at Erie		6 00 p m
NEWS EXPRESS	leaves Philadelphia		4 30 a m
"	" Harrisburg		8 10 a m
"	" Montandon		10 39 a m
"	" Williamsport		11 45 a m
"	arr at Lock Haven		12 45 p m
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves Philadelphia		7 40 a m
"	" Harrisburg		11 25 a m
"	" Montandon		1 32 a m
"	arr at Williamsport		2 35 p m
"	" Lock Haven		3 55 p m
"	" Renovo		5 05 p m
"	" Kane		9 25 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at			5 05 p m
FAST LINE	leaves Philadelphia		11 10 p m
"	" Harrisburg		3 25 p m
"	" Montandon		5 50 p m
"	" Williamsport		7 10 p m
"	" Lock Haven		8 05 p m
"	arr at Renovo		9 15 p m
	EASTWARD.		
SEA SHORE EXP.	leaves Lock Haven		7 00 a m
"	" Jersey Shore		7 29 a m
"	" Williamsport		8 10 a m
"	" Montandon		9 20 a m
"	arr at Harrisburg		11 30 a m
"	" Philadelphia		3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS	leaves Kane		6 00 a m
"	" Renovo		10 05 a m
"	" Lock Haven		11 15 a m
"	" Williamsport		12 35 p m
"	" Montandon		1 36 p m
"	arr at Harrisburg		3 48 p m
"	" Philadelphia		7 25 p m
ERIE MAIL	leaves Erie		1 55 p m
"	" Renovo		10 40 p m
"	" Lock Haven		11 45 p m
"	" Williamsport		1 00 a m
"	" Montandon		2 05 a m
"	arr at Harrisburg		4 20 a m
"	" Philadelphia		7 50 a m
WMPT ACM	leaves Renovo		3 40 p m
"	" Williamsport		6 35 p m
"	" Lock Haven		5 00 p m
"	" Montandon		7 49 p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg		10 25 p m
"	" Philadelphia		5 05 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Agent.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Leave Westward.	1 A.M.	3 A.M.	5 A.M.	7 P.M.	9 P.M.
Montandon	5.20	9.25	10.45	1.45	5.55
Lewisburg, ar.	6.00	9.55	11.00	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25		11.00	2.15	
Fair Ground	7.30		11.05	2.20	
Biehl	7.40		11.16	2.30	
Vicksburg	7.45		11.23	2.36	
Mifflinburg	8.00ar.		11.40	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			1.30.00	
Milmont	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton	8.33			3.40	
Coburn	9.48			5.00	
Spring Mills, ar	10.15			ar.5.30	
Leave Eastward.	2 A.M.	4	6	8 P.M.	10 P.M.
Spring Mills	5.50				1.56
Coburn	6.18				2.20
Laurelton	7.30				3.40
Milmont	7.40				3.52
Mifflinburg, ar.	8.00			P.M.	4.13
Mifflinburg, lv.	8.00			12.10	4.13
			A.M.		
Vicksburg	8.15			12.26	4.28
Biehl	8.20			12.34	4.34
Fair Ground	8.30			12.45	4.45
Lewisburg, ar. A.M	8.35			12.50	4.50
Lewisburg, lv. 5.25	8.55		10.15	1.05	5.25
Montandon ar. 5.40	ar. 9.10		ar. 10.30	ar. 1.20	ar. 5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

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—||o||—

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RYE, RYE, RYE,

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The most common signs of **Dyspepsia**, or **Indigestion**, are an oppression at the stomach, nausea, flatulency, water-brash, heart-burn, vomiting, loss of appetite, and constipation. Dyspeptic patients suffer untold miseries, bodily and mental. They should stimulate the digestion, and secure regular daily action of the bowels, by the use of moderate doses of

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After the bowels are regulated, one of these Pills, taken each day after dinner, is usually all that is required to complete the cure.

AYER'S PILLS are sugar-coated and purely vegetable—a pleasant, entirely safe, and reliable medicine for the cure of **all disorders of the stomach and bowels. They are** the best of all purgatives for family use.

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FOR
HELP Women MEN
WHO ARE NERVOUS AND
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The HOWARD GALVANIC SHIELD and our other Electric Galvanic and Magnetic Appliances cure Nervous Debility, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Loss of Vital Energy, Overworked Brain, Lame Back, Kidney, Liver, Stomach Complaints, Male and Female Weakness, etc., etc. They are the very latest improvements; different from belts, pads, girdles and other devices. They positively generate continuous currents, without acids, causing no irritation of the skin. Can be worn at work as well as at rest—only noticeable to the wearer. Power regulated to meet the different stages of all diseases. Those for **Men** only at once reach the seat of disease, as they act directly upon the Nervous, Muscular and Generative Centres, speedily restoring vitality—which is Electricity—drained from the system by excesses or indiscretions, and thus in a natural way overcome all weakness without dragging the stomach. We furnish absolute proof to support our claims in our Illustrated Pamphlet, entitled "THREE TYPES OF MEN," for **MEN ONLY**, also one for **LADIES ONLY**, free, or sent sealed for 6 cents postage.

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In diseases of the **Blood, Skin and Bones**,—Nervous Debility, Impotency, Organic Weakness, Gonorrhœa, Syphilitic and Mercurial Affections, Scientific treatment; safe and sure remedies. Deformities Treated. Call or write for list of questions to be answered by those desiring treatment by mail.

(Persons suffering from Rupture should send their address, and learn something to their advantage. It is not a truss.)

Address Dr. C. L. LaBARGE, Prop'r and Physician in Charge Central Med. & Surg. Institute, 920 Locust st., St. Louis, Mo. Successor to Dr. Butts' Dispensary. Established 30 Years.

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MILITARY BERLIN.

One certainly sees more soldiers in the streets of Berlin than in those of London and Paris; but one does not see many of them; and they form altogether but a small minority of the people one meets when walking about Berlin. And that is easy to explain; soldiers do not play at soldiering here, as French school-boys have done latterly. Fighting is considered by the Germans a business, or a trade, or an art—as you may like to call it—which is to be learned very seriously, and which keeps the young men, who are *nolens volens* devoted to it, during almost the whole day in their quarters or on the parade ground. As to the officers, they are nearly as much taken up by their work as the most hard-working official, mercantile clerk, or artisan. The Lieutenant of the Guards, who has nothing to do but to show his fine uniform in the streets, exists only in the imagination of people who have never seen him. That aristocratic young gentleman generally begins his work at 6 o'cock in the evening he has at last got through it. It is not he, certainly, who crowds the streets of Berlin. He has other things to do than to walk about even when he happens to be on leave. There is, however, something military to be seen in the streets of Berlin at nearly every hour of the day, which may have struck the Parisian newspaper writer, though it does not belong exclusively to Berlin, but to all the larger German towns where soldiers are garrisoned. Every now and then, especially about noon, you will meet small detachments of soldiers—four, six, perhaps ten or twenty men—marching from the guard-house to relieve the sentries on duty at the palaces of members of the imperial family, the residences of commanding officers, and certain public buildings, such as the Ministry of War, the Staff Office, the Arsenal, etc. These soldiers, preceded by a Sergeant, walk in the middle of the street with long, regular, quiet steps, almost leisurely. Suddenly a sharp word of command *is* heard. An officer or an imperial carriage is in sight. The men all at once seem to have been struck by a galvanic battery, and from that instant to move under some strange and irresistible influence. With a kind of spasmodic jerk they straighten themselves up to their full height, their heads and shoulders are thrown back, their eyes are fixed on one and the same point—the passing officer; the rifle is held in a firm grasp by the powerful hand, and the feet, violently thrown forward as by machinery, produce, as they tread the hard pavement at short, regular intervals, a loud and yet muffled sound, familiar to the native of Berlin, and which causes him to look round toward those from whom it proceeds.

A RECORD OF HOT SUMMERS.

Says an English paper: In 627 the heat was so great in France and Germany that all springs dried up; water became so scarce that many people died of thirst. In 879 work in the fields had to be given up; agricultural laborers persisting in their work were struck down in a few minutes, so powerful was the sun. In 993 the sun's rays were so fierce that vegetation burned as under the action of fire. In 1000 rivers ran dry under the protracted heat; the fish were left dry in heaps, and putrefied in a few hours. The stench that ensued produced the plague. Men and animals venturing in the sun in the summer of 1022 fell down dying; the throat parched to a tinder and the blood rushed to the brain. In 1132 not only did the rivers dry up, but the ground cracked on every side, and became baked to the hardness of stone. The Rhine, in Alsace, nearly dried up. Italy was visited with terrific heat in 1139; vegetation and plants were burned up. During the battle of Bela, in 1260, there were more victims made by the sun than by weapons; men fell down sunstruck in regular rows. In 1303 and 1304 the Rhine, Loire and Seine ran dry. Scotland suffered particularly in 1625; men and beasts died in scores. The heat in several French departments during the summer of 1705 was equal to that in a glass furnance. Meat could be cooked by merely exposing it to the sun. Not a soul dare venture out between noon and 4 P. M. In 1718 many shops had to close; the theatres never opened their doors for several months. Not a drop of water fell during six months. In 1753 the thermometer rose to 118°. In 1779 the heat at Bologna was so great that a number of people were stifled. There was not sufficient air for the breath, and people had to take refuge under ground. In July, 1793, the heat became intolerable. Vegetables were burned up and fruit dried upon the trees. The furniture and woodwork in dwelling-houses cracked and split up; meat went bad in an hour. The rivers ran dry in several provinces during 1811; expedients had to be devised for the grinding of corn. In 1822 a protracted heat was accompanied by storms and earthquakes; during the drought legions of mice overran Lorraine and Alsace, committing incalculable damage. In 1832 the heat brought about cholera in France; twenty thousand persons fell victims to the visitation in Paris alone. In 1845 the thermometer marked 125° in the sun.

To allow any kind of personal insult without showing resentment or retaliating by the natural consequences of coolness and withdrawal is to destroy all the safeguards of social law, and give up the weak to the insolent tyranny of the strong.

Beware of Frauds.—Be sure you get the genuine Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It cures colds, croup, asthma, deafness and rheumatism.

A FAMOUS PIRATE.

The Providence *Journal* relates the following history of the hanging of Gibbs, the pirate: The only connection of Gibbs with Rhode Island was that he was a native of, and first sailed from, this State. He was a sailor on the brig Vineyard, Captain Thomley, which left New Orleans on the 9th of November, 1830, for Philadelphia, with a cargo of cotton, molasses and sugar, and $30,000 in money. Gibbs headed a conspiracy among the crew to murder the captain and the mate, William Roberts, and plunder and sink the vessel. The captain and mate were thrown overboard, those of the seamen who had not joined in the crime were frightened into submission, and the specie was divided among the crew. Off Long Island, the crew scuttled the ship and set fire to it, and took to the boats. They buried the money in the sand, on Barren Island. One of the crew, named Brownrigg, confessed the crime to Johnson, the only man living on the island. The specie belonged to Stephen Girard, and most of it was recovered. The crew were all apprehended and Gibbs and the stewart, Walmsley, a colored man, who were most guilty, were hanged, on Ellis Island, New York, April 22, 1831. Before his execution, Gibbs related that, when about fifteen years of age, he was a sailor on board the sloop-of-war Hornet, and was in the action of the capture of the British sloop-of-war Peacock, off the coast of Pernambuco, and was also with Captain Lawrence on the Chesapeak, in her encounter with the Shannan. After his exchange he returned to Boston where, having determined to abandon the sea, he established himself in the grocery business, with a capital of $1,000, which he procured from his friends in Rhode Island. Being unsuccessful in business, he went to the sea again, and at Buenos Ayres shipped on a privateer. The crew mutined, took possession of the vessel and started on a career of piracy, in the course of which they captured nearly twenty vessels and murdered nearly 400 human beings. On one occasion they captured a Dutch ship, bound from Curacoa to Liverpool, with a valuable cargo, and a company of thirty souls, including the crew. All were put to death, with the exception of a young lady about seventeen, who, though spared, was compelled to witness the butchery of her father and mother before her eyes. They kept her on board for some time, and when it was determined to proceed to Havana, a consultation was held to decide whether it would be safe to give her liberty upon her arrival. The majority were apprehensive that she might betray them and she was put to death by poison, Gibbs claiming, however that he interceded in her behalf. Gibbs said that he first went to sea from Newport in 1816, his real name being James D. Jetters.

PAY OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

The pay of authors is apparently an affair of private business and public concern. What a man is paid for a picture or a book, a sketch or a poem is always a subject of speculation. A judicious interviewing of publishers reveals some light on the matter. Mr. Stedman is a broker and a banker, happily for him, for his poetry and prose together would not pay his house rent. Mrs. Burnett gets $5,000 for a novel published serially and as much again when put in book form. Mr. Howell gets about $5,000 for a serial and a percentage on the book publication. Mr. Marion Crawford has averaged about $5,000 apiece for his stories. Mr. Stoddard has to do an enormous amount of work to keep the pot boiling, and if he had not a regular salary as a literary critic of the *Mail and Express* he would find it hard to get along. "J. S. of Dale," is a hard-working Boston lawyer, who takes novel-writing as a recreation. John Burroughs is a farmer and also a United States bank inspector. Frank R. Stockton travels from place to place, finding material for his stories and enjoying life after the fashion of the good Bohemian. Dr. Holmes has "riches, honor, troops of friend," beside his literary profession. Col. Higginson devotes himself wholly to writing, both in original work, editing and compiling. Mr. Aldrich devotes himself to editing, which many of his admirers rebel against, feeling Pegasus is put to the plough. Mr. Cable was formerly a bookkeeper in a cotton house, and his public readings have been already given him more substantial returns than his novels. Charles Dudley Warner is an editor, and his purely literary work is a side luxury. Julian Hawthorne and Edger Fawcett write everything and everywhere, and remind one, intellectually, of the gymnasts of Barnum's who keep three balls in the air at once with their hands and play foot-ball with their feet. Henry James had an ample fortune to begin with, and he is a novelist made rather then born, and a very creditable article of self-manufacture he is.

Much of reputation depends on the period in which it rises. The Italians proverbially observe that one-half of fames depends on that cause. In dark periods, when talents appear they shine like the sun through a small hole in the window-shutter. The strong beam dazzles amid the surrounding gloom. Open the shutter, and the general diffusion of light attracts no notice.

George Campbell, Hopkinsville, Ky., says: Burdock Blood Bitters is the best preparation for the blood and stomach ever manufactured.

When symptoms of malaria appear in any form, take Ayer's Ague Cure at once, to prevent the development of the disease, and continue until health is restored, as it surely will be by the use of this remedy. A cure is warranted in every instance.

The Democrats of Valonia, Crawford county, attempted to raise a pole, which fell and badly injured a man standing by. The Republicans, of course, poked lots of fun at the unsuccessful Democrats, but the other day when the Republicans attempted to raise a pole a piece of it broke off and nearly killed another man, and the cheers of the Republicans were returned with a right good will by the other side. So progresses the campaign in the rural regions of Crawford county.

☞A New Suit.—Faded articles of all kinds restored to their original beauty by Diamond Dyes. Perfect and simple. 10c at all druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

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Use Patent Iron Roofing, it outlasts any building, and costs only a trifle more than shingles. Call and see it.

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PRICES LOW AS THE LOWEST!

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IT LEADS ALL.

No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely meets the wants of physicians and the general public as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you, **SCROFULA** AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system.

For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh, **CATARRH** AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

"Hutto, Tex., Sept. 28, 1882.

ULCEROUS SORES "At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore.

SORE EYES Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON."

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

KIDNEY-WORT

THE SURE CURE
FOR
KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, PILES, AND BLOOD DISEASES.

PHYSICIANS ENDORSE IT HEARTILY.

"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I ever used." Dr. P. C. Bellon, Moskon, Vt.
"Kidney-Wort is always reliable." Dr. R. N. Clark, So. Hero, Vt.
"Kidney-Wort has cured my wife after two years suffering." Dr. C. M. Summerlin, Sun Hill, Ga.

IN THOUSANDS OF CASES
it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.

☞It cleanses the Blood and Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system. 2

PRICE, $1.00 LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Dry can be sent by mail.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. Burlington Vt.

KIDNEY-WORT

SCROFULA

Usually develops in early life, and is a peculiar morbid condition of the system, usually affecting the glands, often resulting in swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, thickening of the lips, enlarged neck, sore eyes. A scrofulous condition is often hereditary, but bad diet, too free use of fat meats, bad air, want of sunshine and nourishing food will induce it. Some people are troubled with scrofulous swelling of the glands, and with ulcers and kernels, which may cause very little pain; others may have inward scrofula, scrofula of the lungs, scrofula of the spleen, scrofula of the kidneys, and scrofula of the bones. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS will drive away any case of scrofula and not to appear in another place, for their action on the blood and bowels will carry the disease entirely from the body.

A Prize Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. Address at once, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. 1y

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GOODS SHOWN AT NIGHT AS WELL AS DAY.

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Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME;
In Cooks the REGULATOR; PIONEER
In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.

A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

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THE PASTILLE
Prof. Harris' Radical Cure
FOR
Spermatorrhœa and Impotency
OR
ORGANIC WEAKNESS IN MEN

CIRCULAR Sent FREE

Read What a Patient says of it:

"The Pastilles I purchased from you in August prove to me most conclusively that "while there is life there is hope." They did their work far beyond my utmost expectations, for I certainly did not expect that a habit of FOURTEEN YEARS' DURATION could be completely gotten under control in the exceedingly short time of two months I can assure you that no false modesty will keep me from doing all that I can in adding to the success which will surely crown so beneficial a remedy."

Above extract from a letter dated—W. Va. Dec. 23, 1883.

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One Month's treatment $3, two months $5, three months $7

FINEST AND BEST.

J. H. BYRNES,

EVERY LADY, MISS & CHILD SHOULD HAVE A PAIR.

MANUFACTURER OF ROCHESTER MADE SHOES

SIAMANG KID SHOES,

THE MOST DURABLE MADE.

We carry the Best and Cheapest Line of

MEN & BOY'S FINE SHOES

in the County.

ALL SIZES AND WIDTHS OF THE

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..... SHOES, ...

the Most Comfortable Shoe Made. Remember the place—Corner Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte.

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COLLEGE, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.—100 students from Pennsylvania in 1883. More positions for graduates than all other schools combined. Life Scholarship, $40. Write for circulars. H. COLEMAN & PALMS, Proprietors.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

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PROF. HARRIS' Pastille

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ONE MONTH'S TREATMENT $2; 2 MONTHS, $3; 3 MONTHS, $5

NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness and decay, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling skilful physicians, result from youthful indiscretions, too free indulgence, and over brain work. Do not temporize while such enemies lurk in your system. Avoid being imposed on by pretentious claims of other remedies for these troubles. Get our free circular and trial package and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with attention to business or cause pain or inconvenience. Founded on scientific medical principles. Growing in favor and reputation. Direct application to the seat of disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The animating elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The patient becomes cheerful and gains strength rapidly.

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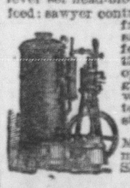
OUR LEADER.

We offer an 8 to 10 H. P. Automatic, Spark-Arresting, Mounted Portable Engine, with Mill, 16 ft. carriage, 32 ft. track and ways, 2 simultaneous lever set head-blocks, 2¼-inch arbor, 3 changes feed: sawyer controls feed-lever and head-blocks from one position. 50-inch solid saw, 50 ft. 8-inch 4-ply belting, feed-belts, cant-hooks, swage, tightener, etc. Rig complete for operation, $1100 on cars. Engine on skids, $100 less. Engine will burn slabs from the saw two to eight feet long and keep up steam. Send for catalogue 12.



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It is a *safe, sure,* and *effectual* Remedy for Galls, Strains, Scratches, Sores, &c., on

HORSES.

One trial will prove its merits. Its effects are in most cases

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Henry, Johnson & Lord, Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

SABBATH IN THE WOODS.

Oh, sweet long day of rest,
Afar from worldly noise,
'Mid nature's summer joys
God is my soul's pure guest;
Here where shall glad bird-strains
Resound till twilight stains
Deep violet the hills;
And from yon cloud-fonts blue,
Fall rosaries of dew
In tremulous bright rills,
Christ'ning the slumbrous flowers
In those still, perfumed bowers
Of tranquil heaven-born bliss,
Oh, would that life might be
Until eternity
One perfect day like this.

MATCH MAKING.

"Yes, I am sure that would be the best plan," mused Jean Scott aloud, clasping her hands around her knees, and looking up through the trees at a little patch of clear sky shining down between the leaves. "Mr. Stuart is rich and handsome;" here she sighed without any known reason. "Phœbe ought to marry him—she must do it—and let that stupid John Barnard go. I am sure—positively sure, Victor Stuart would suit her best, and I will make the match."

It was Sunday afternoon, and Jean sat out under a big oak tree in the front yard. A book lay on the grass beside her, and a little crippled chicken, rescued from the horse lot, nestled in a fold of her buff linen gown.

She was a supple slender girl, olive-skinned, grey-eyed and black-haired, and just bordering on eighteen.

With the calm confidence of inexperience and positive ignorance, she had made up her mind to meddle in a very delicate matter—namely, a love affair.

The Scotts were country people, owned a good farm and lived comfortably, and John Barnard, a neighboring farmer, had long loved Phoebe, the eldest daughter of the house and a very pretty girl of twenty.

The matter had not disturbed Jean until two things occurred. Her father suffered some reverses of fortune, and Victor came up from New Orleans.

She felt peculiarly grateful to him, for he was not only young, handsome and rich, but he had also saved her life on a certain occasion, when she had been more reckless than wise, in running a horse-race with her brother.

Her pony took it into his head to run away, and Miss Jean's white neck might have been broken had it not been for the timely appearance of Mr. Stuart, who threw himself in front of the unruly horse and checked him.

That encounter led to a closer acquaintance with her family, and the young man had called several times.

He rode up to the gate, and dismounted, while Jean sat on the grass and meditated on her plan.

The color leaped to her cheeks at sight of him, and a thrill shot through her heart. How happy any woman might be to win his love—he looked so brave and handsome.

Now she had been a little shy before him; but to-day she rose to meet him with a smile, and a slim hand extended.

The gentleman replied warmly to her friendly greeting.

"You take compassion on all afflicted creatures?" he remarked, glancing down at the little downy, chick which rested on the grass, with its broken leg bound up with a bit of linen.

Jean lifted it tenderly.

"Ah yes Poor little weakling! its life is but a frail thing, but precious to it no doubt. I love not pain or suffering. But pardon me. I will not keep you standing out here."

"It is very pleasant, I——"

',But much pleasanter in the house," she said hastily, confused by the way his eyes dwelt upon her. "Go in, Mr. Stuart."

"Will you come also?"

"When I have cared for this wounded chick—yes, sir. perhaps. Phoebe is in the parlor."

And when he had reluctantly departed, she sat down again and hid her face in her hands, her heart beating quick and loud.

"'Tis only his way—only his way, and I am a foolish weak-minded creature to allow his pleasant words and kindly glances to affect me."

She had not long to sigh over her folly or scold herself for it.

Another young man had arrived on the scene, and she must prepare to meet him.

He was an honest, good-looking farmer, and from childhood Jean had known and liked him; but to-day she must crush any presumptuous hopes he might possibly entertain regarding Phoebe.

"Good evening, Jean."

She had picked up her book again, and was apparently much interested in it, for all it was wrong end up.

"Good evening, John," in a calmly patronizing tone.

"Is Phoebe at home?"

"Yes; she is in the parlor, entertaining company.",

His face fell.

"Entertaining company?"

"Yes—Mr. Stuart."

"He here again?" said poor John Barnard, a faint spark of jealousy in his heart gathering heat and strength.

"Yes, certainly: but go in. Pa and ma are in the sitting-room. The boys are not at home, I am sorry to say."

"Oh, no; I'll just go on back home. I suppose that fellow will stay all the afternoon."

"Mr. Stuart? Very probably he will."

But hardly had Mr. Barnard ridden dejectedly away when Victor Stuart came out again.

"Going so early?" said Jean. arching her pretty dark brows in surprise.

"Yes; I have an engagement to dine in town. But first give me a rose—

'Ah, one rose—
One rose—but one, by those fair fingers cull'd,
Were worth a hundred kisses pressed on lips
Less exquisite than thine!'"

he quoted, too low for her to catch the words.

She hurriedly picked a handful of half-blown creamy roses, and gave them to him.

But not another glance could he win from her, though a tell-tale color stole up her soft throat into her cheeks, betraying confusion and tumult of heart, and he rode gaily away, half crushing the sweet roses against his lips.

The sun had dropped much lower in the west, and the yard was all in deep purplish shade, when Phoebe came out where her younger sister reposed on the grass, her hands clasped over her knees, her eyes like the eyes of a dreamer.

"What are you thinking about?" inquired Miss Scott.

"Nothing," starting up.

"Interesting subject. You have been completely absorbed: What a dull day this has been! I thought perhaps John Barnard would come," looking carefully at her plump white hands.

"He did, but I sent him away," said Jean firmly.

"Sent him away?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because Mr. Stuart was here, and I did not suppose you would care to be disturbed."

"You take a good deal for granted. What do I care for Mr. Stuart? If you have offended Mr. John Barnard, I will never forgive you—never!"

And placid Phoebe's eyes flashed, and he turned away in anger.

"Good gracious! does she really love him, and am I sacrificing my sister to a heartless match-making machine? But how can she love him after seeing Mr. Stuart? Girls are queer creatures!" mused Jean, somewhat troubled at the mischief she had made.

She felt positively guilty when, waking one night, she heard her sister sighing.

A week had passed, but the jealous young farmer kept to his own grounds—at least the Scots did not see anything of him.

"What is the matter, Phoebe?" Jean inquired tenderly.

"Nothing at all."

"Are you troubled—about—about John?" dragging the words out hesitatingly.

"Well, I am sorry you wounded the feelings of one who has always been our friend."

"So am I, but I did it for your good. I promise you I will never meddle again."

"Why did you do it?" curiously.

And then Jean made a clean confession of her matchmaking.

"But, of course, if you intend to grieve your eyes out about John Barnard, I give up the whole affair."

Phoebe listened, first rather shocked, then greatly amused.

"Oh, you blind, silly child. What a mad scheme. Mr. Stuart cares no more for me than any other indifferent acquaintance. Do you think he loves me?"

"I think he would if you encouraged him. Why shouldn't he? You are sweet and lovely."

Phoebe leaned over and kissed her, touched by her honest love and admiration.

"There, child, go to sleep; for you seem to be eight instead of eighteen."

Now Jean longed to undo her work—to bring back her sister's love—but not a word of this did she breathe. It were best left untalked of until accomplished she wisely though.

And fate threw the chance in her way thevery next afternoon.

Returning from the village she met John Barnard face to face in the road.

"Why how do you do John? Where have been for this week past?" she said with a friendly smile.

"At home," he rather gruffly replied.

"Why have you not been round to see us. "Didn't know that I would be welcome."

"Why, John!" in shocked tones.

"Well, to tell you the truth, Jean, I did not believe Phoebe would care to see me."

"Indeed, she does care; but I shall not tell you anything about it," making a move as though to pass him.

"Oh, yes, Jean; please do! where is that fellow Stuart?"

"I really cannot tell you where Mr. Stuart is. It is not pleasant to hear him called 'that fellow."

"Hang him!"

"What for? Now you are very unreasonable, and if you want to know anything more, you must ask Phoebe."

"One question? Are they—are they engaged?"

"Engaged? Good heavens, no! Who ever dreamed of such a thing?" she exclaimed with as much astonishment as though she had not been planning to that very end.

"Poor fellow, he does love her. It was a shame to make him suffer so," she thought, watching him as he walked on blithely whistling. "I will never try matchmaking again—never!" she continued aloud. "But what does the old song say?"

"If you do not succeed, try, try again," said a laughing voice close beside her, and blushing, she turned to face Victor Stuart. "Care marks your brow, Miss Jean; tell me your trouble.

"Not for the world," she cried quickly and with energy.

"Why not? I do assure you I will keep the secret, if secret it be, and give all the comfort I can."

"Thank you; but I am not in need of sympathy," she said, walking on.

He kept at her side, carrying his gun on one arm.

"Well, I am, for I love a girl—a sweet, beautiful loveable girl; but I am afraid she does not love me."

He stole a glance at the sober young face shaded by the broad-brimmed hat. It turned white, rather than red, and a faint quiver passed over the sweet soft lips.

"Have you asked her?" she managed to say very steadily.

It was dreadful to hear him talk of that girl.

"No; she is young, and I do not want to be too hasty. But I love her with all my heart, all my soul, and if she would but marry me——" He drew a long breath, his eyes alight with love's fire. "Tell me, Jean, shall I wait a while longer, or can I ask her now?'

"Do as you think best."

They were walking along a shady path, almost in sight of a house, Stuart flung down his gun, and stretching out his hands to Jean.

"Then say you will be my wife Jean, for you are my love!"

So ended Jean's first and last attempt at matchmaking.

Phoebe lives contentedly with her farmer, while Jean is in the city and is Mrs. Victor Stuart.

—Turin bread is an eighth of an inch in diameter and a yard long.

Wept, Sung and Danced.

A gentleman, who was a first-class performer of Scotch music on the violin, spent a winter at Exeter, and, of course, soon became acquainted with the musical dilettanti of the place. Dining one day with a professor, the conversation turned upon Scottish music, and a strong argument arose as to its bearing competition with foreign music—the Scotchman, whom we shall for the present designate the Fiddler, insisting that, when properly played, nothing could excel it; the professor, on the other hand insisting that it was only fit for the barnyard.

"I'll tell you what," says the fiddler, "I'll lay you a bet of five pounds that if a party of Scotchmen can be got together, I'll make them shed tears one minute, sing the next, and dance the third."

"Done," says the professor; "and if your music is capable of that, I will not only pay the five pounds with pleasure, but will be convinced that it is the most enlivening, pathetic and best music in the world."

The difficulty arose as to getting an opportunity for a trial; but being informed that a number of young Scotchmen were to dine at a certain hotel on the anniversary of Burn's birthday, it was agreed to pay them a visit. It was considered a capital opportunity by the fiddler, for these young men, being principally raw-boned, overgrown Scotch lads, who had recently left their own country to carry tea in the neighborhood, were the very ones upon whom he was sure to make a hit.

All being now arranged, and the utmost secrecy being agreed upon, the even ful day was anxiously looked for. At length it came, and the fiddler and the professor, by an introduction to one of the party, got an invitation to the dinner. There were twelve altogether sat down, and a right merry party they soon became, for the whisky toddy was not spared when the memory of any of Scotia's bards was proposed. The fiddler was not long in perceiving that he had got among a right musical set, and he waited patiently till they were in that happy state when they were fit for anything. At length he gave a wink to the professor, who at once proposed that his friend should favor them with a Scotch tune on the violin.

"Capital, capital!" cried the whole party.

The violin was brought, and all were in breathless anxiety. The fiddler chose for his first tune, "Here's a health to them that's awa'," and played it in the most solemn and pathetic manner.

"Thats' a wofu' tune," said a great, big, raw-boned youth to his next neighbor.

"It is that, Sandy. There's mickle in that tune, man. It reminds me o'ane that's gane," Jamie at the same time giving a deep sigh and drawing his hand over his long gaunt face to hide the tears which were trickling down his cheeks.

The fiddler with his keen eye soon perceived that before he got through the second part of the tune he would have them all in the same mood. He, therefore, threw his whole soul into the instrument, played the tune as he had never done before; and as the last four bars of the tune died away like the distant echo, there was not a dry cheek among the company. "Now is the time thought the fiddler; and without stopping a moment he struck up, in a bold, vigorous style, "Willie brew'd a Peck 'o Maut." In went the handkerchiefs, away went the tears.

"Chorus!" cried the fiddler, and in an instant all struck up—

For we're nae fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drapple in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw'
But aye we'll taste the barley bree!

The song ended, up struck the fiddler in his best stye the reel of "Jenny dang the Weaver."

"Scotland forever!" cried Jamie, and in an instant tables, chairs and glasses were scattered in all directions, the whole party dancing and jumping like madmen.

Out ran the affrighted professor—for he did not know what might come next—up came the landlady with her terrified train of inmates. But none durst enter the room, the hurrahs and thumps upon the floor being boisterous; and it was only upon the entry of a Scotch traveler, who had just arrived and who cried to the fiddler for any sake to stop, that order was restored.

It is needless to say that the professor paid his bet cheerfully, and was fully convinced of the effect of Scotch music when properly played, and that the landlady took care that the fiddler never came into her house again for Burns' anniversary dinner.

Prominent Stars.

Saturn is morning star, and wins the first place on the planetary record for his beautiful appearance in the eastern sky, and also because he reaches one of the great time marks in his course. On the 16th, of August at 10 o'clock in the morning, he was in quadrature with the sun on his western side. He then passed the half-way house between conjunction and opposition, and is in favorable position for observation, both with the naked eye and the telescope. He is at the same time conveniently situated for the star gazer, rising now at half-past 11 in the evening, and at the close of the month making his appearance at half-past 9 o'clock. For a time after his advent Saturn is the brightest star in the myriad host that sparkles in the star depths, but his supremacy lasts but a few short hours, when his fair rival, Venus, appears upon the scene and robs him of the proud distinction.

A peculiar interest is felt in the approach of the ring-girdled planet to the earth at the present time, for knotty problems are to be investigated—with little expectation of their being solved—connected with the complicated Saturnian system. The most magnificent member of the planetary brotherhood is drawing near the terrestrial domain under conditions that will not be exactly repeated until the present generation of astronomers has given place to the one that will succeed it. For though the members of this profession are distinguished for longevity, twenty-five years spans the length of the highest power of observation in an astronomer's life, while twenty-nine and one-half years must pass before Saturn presents the same advantageous position he now holds.

During this year and the succeeding year the finest telescopic views of Saturn and his rings may be obtained in northern latitudes. For in this time he passes his perihelion, reaches his greatest northern declination. and his rings are open to their widest extent; these events all occuring before the year 1885 closes.

Venus is a morning star, and seems as yet to show no symptoms of the falling off in brilliancy and size to which she must as surely succumb as the less glorious members of the family. She continues to travel westward, lengthening out the invisible chain that binds her to to the sun until the 21st, when a change comes. On that day, at seven o'clock in the morning, she reaches her greatest western elongation, being then 46 deg 6 west of the sun. Here she reverses her course, approaching the sun with slower step than she recedes from him, and gradually growing less brilliant as she draws near the central fire that will quench her lesser light.

One cannot help regretting that the bright planet must lose her lustre, especially after the superb aspect she took on during the month of August, when she seemed to illuminate the eastern heavens like a young moon as she hung tremulous on the rosy waves of light that proclaimed the near approach of the sun. Jupiter is a morning star. Though the latest comer among the planets that usher in the day, he is far enough from the sun to be easily visible, rising now an hour and a half before the great luminary, and two hours after Venus, who looms above the eastern horizon at 2 o'clock. One of the delightful observations of the month will be to watch the approach of the king and queen of the stars as they draw near each other on the celestial road. On the 19th Jupiter is only an hour behind Venus, and at the end of the month, he follows so closely in her steps that only the short time of fifteen minutes separates them. Observers who command the eastern horizon, and will take the trouble to rouse from their slumbers in the small hours of morning, will behold one of the finest exhibitions our brother planets can get up.

The brightest gem of the sun's family appears suddenly above the eastern hills, shining with dazzling brilliancy on the dark background of the sky, the prince of planets follows in quick pursuit and the first magnitude star Regulus in near proximity completes the starry picture. Uranus is the evening star until the 20th, when he becomes morning star. On the 20th, at 10 o'clock in the evening, he is in conjunction with the sun. The four great planets are then on the sun's western side, and are all shining as morning stars. Neptune and Saturn have passed quadrature, and are more than half way advanced toward opposition. Jupiter is on the way to quadrature and Uranus is just commencing his course for the same goal. Mercury is evening star until the 19th, when he joins the ranks of the morning stars. On the 19th, at ten o'clock in the morning, he is inferior conjunction with the sun, passing to his western side, and increasing the number of morning stars to five in the following order of distance from the sun; Neptune heads the list and is succeeded by Saturn, Venus, Jupiter and Mercury. Neptune is morning star and the leader of the shining brotherhood. He is of little importance now in his distant quarters, but we have faith that at some time in the future he will point the way to a world or worlds lying beyond his sphere. Meanwhile his ethereal path must be closely watched, lest any unusual perambulations escape detection. Mars is evening star, the sole representative of that role through the whole month. He is moving slowly toward conjunction, but must wait till 1886 for another opposition, when the ruddy planet will take on a more imposing aspect.

Women---Men.

Women always show by their actions that they enjoy going to church; men are less demonstrative.

When a woman becomes flurried she feels for a fan; when a man becomes flurried he feels for a cigar.

Women jump at conclusions and generally hit; men reason things out logically and generally miss it.

Some women can't pass a millinery store without looking in; some men can't pass a saloon without going in.

A woman never sees a baby without wanting to run to it; a man never sees a baby without wanting to run from it.

Women love admiration, approbation, self-immolation on the part of others, and are often weak, vain and frivolous. Ditto men.

A woman always carries her purse in her hand so that other women will see it; a man carries his in his inside pocket so that his wife won't see it.

A man of fashion hates the rain because it deranges the set of his pantaloons; a woman of fashion hates it because it deranges her complexion.

A woman can sit in a theatre for three hours without getting all cramped up, catching the toothache or becoming faint for want of fresh air; a man can't.

When a woman wants to repair damages she uses a pin; when a man wants to repair damages he spends two hours and a half trying to thread a needle.

When a woman is asked by a fond lover for her heart and hand and says "No," she don't always mean it; when a man is asked by a jovial friend if he will take something and says "No," he don't always mean it either.

Moonlight Photographs.—A valuable new process of photographing on the stone and printing off with ink has recently been introduced. It is termed the "ink photo" process, and copies oil paintings, drawings and photographs. In preparing drawings for reproduction by it, there should be no pure blue tints: blues for shadows and skies must have Indian ink mixed with them. Drawings in sepia and black give excellent results. Very clear and well-defined photographs are now taken by moonlight. Scenic effects of wood and water have a peculiar soft and rich appearance, which is quite novel and more enchanting than those of daylight photographs.

A Long Way to a Wedding.

A younger son of the Duke of Argyll having become engaged to Lady ——, as in duty bound, asked his father's consent. The duke, however, answered: 'Since my eldest son, the Marquis of Lorne married the daughter of the queen, our sovereign, he has become the head of our house. You must obtain his consent. If you get that, you may rest assured mine will not be refused." To the marquis, his brother accordingly betook himself: "As I am son-in-law to the queen, duty and respect require that the matter should be referred to her for her decision. I will at once lay the matter before her."

To the queen goes the marquis immediately and informs her of his brother's wishes. The monarch, however, replied: "Since Heaven deprived me of my noble, ever lamented husband, I have made it an inflexible rule to take no step in the affairs of my house without first referring the matter to my brother-in-law, the duke of Coburg. I will write to him."

The queen did as she promised, but from the duke she received the following answer, instead of the consent she expected: "Your Majesty, my beloved sister, is well aware that during the last four years important political changes have taken place in Germany, in consequence of which the centre of gravity has been shifted from Coburg to Berlin. I therefore consider it my duty to submit the matter to Emperor William, for him to decide. I cannot take the responsibility on myself." To Berlin accordingly goes the duke, begs an audience of the emperor and acquaints him with the object of his visit.

After considering the matter within himself a short time, the emperor said: "What I have fought for and attained for my country is well known to the whole world. People, however, have no idea how my heart is tortured by discord and disagreements in the circle of my family and among my ministers. However, I must honorably confess that the Prince Bismarck is the wisest and most clear sighted of my advisers. I give you the commission to refer the matter to him and let him decide."

The duke then directs his steps to the Wilhelmstrasse, and sends in his card to the mighty minister. Being immediately admitted he reads the queen's letter, faithfully reports the words of the emperor, and begs for a favorable decision. The chancellor's answer was given without hesitation. "Why should the matter require any decision of mine? What have we to do with the duke of Argyll or his son? If the young fellow wishes to marry let him do so and be hanged to him."

Weary of Life.

A writer says it was in the State of Illinois; at that early day a short, thick variety of rattlesnake was very numerous, so much so that the State acquired an unenviable reputation in the older parts of the Union. Farmers, in "breaking prairie" as the ploughing of the prairie sod was called, would kill them by dozens in the course of a single summer. They were very venomous, but few persons were bitten by them. Moreover there was little danger of death if the proper remedies were applied at once.

I was one day following one of the large breaking plows common at that time. It was drawn by five or six yoke of oxen, and there were two men to manage the plough and the team. As we were going along, one of the men discovered a ratlesnake, as I remember, about twelve or fourteen inches in length. They rarely exceed eighteen or twenty inches so that this one was probably about two thirds grown. The man who first saw it was about to kill it when the other proposed to see if it could be made to bite itself, which it was commonly reported the rattlesnake would do if angered and prevented from escaping. Accordingly they poked the snake over into the ploughed ground, and then began teasing it with their long whips. Escape was impossible and the snake soon became frantic at its ineffectual attempts either to injure its assailants or to get away from them. At last it turned upon itself and struck its fangs into its own body about the middle.

The poison seemed to take effect instantly. The fangs were not withdrawn at all, and if not perfectly dead within less than five minutes, it at least showed no signs of life. That it should die so quickly will not seem strange if it is borne in mind that the same bite would have killed a full grown man in a few hours' time. The men watched it long enough to be sure that it would not be likely to move away, and then went on with their work. I trudged around with them for an hour or more, and every time we came where the snake was I stopped and looked at it, but it never moved again. In this case I do not remember that the snake had been injured at all. I have often heard of rattlesnakes biting themselves under such circumstances, but this was the only case that ever came under my observation.

The Locomotion of Shells.

The great conch or strombus has a veritable sword that it thrusts out, sticks into the ground, and by a muscular effort jerks itself along, making a decided leap. The squids, that are the brightest forms of mollusks. leap entirely clear of the water, often several feet. They are the ink bearers, and from their ink bags comes the sepia used by artists, while their bone is the cuttle-fish bone of commerce. Many of the cockles have a method of flying through the water that is quite novel. They are generally beautifully colored, and have long, streaming tentacles, and suddenly, without warning, they dart up from the bottom, and by a violent opening and shutting of their valves rush away with their long, reddish hair streaming after them, presenting a very curious appearance. The shell known as the Lima Nians is particularly remarkable for these flights, and all the scallops are jumpers and leapers. When placed in a boat they have been known to jump out, and the ordinary scallop has been known to jump out of a pot when placed upon a stove. A description of the different methods by which shells move would fill a volume.

The Gardens of Rome.

Rome is the city of gardens. Where else can we recall such masses of evergreen verdure. such thickets of aloe and lentisk, such groves of umbrageous pines, embowering the vast and stately palaces within the walls?

While the villas beyond their stern enclosure are set in clipped silences of box and yew, and shaded by solemn groves of ilex and bay, others (like the Wolkonsky) are spanned by huge ruins of aqueduct or bridge, ivy-clad or tangled with roses, and starred with anemone and cyclamen in lavish and lovely profusion. And all alike are vocal with murmurous flow of tinkling waters and fantastic shapes of Triton and Nereid; the maidenhair mantles, the marble basins with its delicate fronds, and the sunshine steals through the boughs and the fancy conjures up the sylvan goat-footed gods, dancing to wild clash of cymbal and horn, upon the level lawns, while Hemadryads crouch and listen amid their leafy boughs. The Church of St. Sabina has appropriated the site and stately marble columns set up in honor of the gods. The great St. Dominic once abode in the adjoining convent and planted a certain orange tree, still vigorous and green, and covered with flowers and fruit. Hither, too, fled St. Thomas Aquinas, pursued by his mother's tears and lamentations to the very door of the monastery; and within the walls of the church St. Gregory read his famous Homilies, for the building dates from the fourth century, as an inscription in mosaic testifies. St. Sabina lies beneath the altar.

The Ludovisi gardends, widely ranging and richly planted, offer as their proud contribution to Roman heritages Guercino's beautiful fresco of the Dawn driving horses up the pearly slopes of heaven. The light of the new-born day is upon her face; the faint breeze gently lifts her hair; flowers are scattered beneath her chariot wheels. Before her speed the flying Hours, bearing their unknown gifts to men:

"The slow sweet hours that brings us all things good,
The slow sad hours that bring us all things ill."

Behind the car, the beautiful Genius of the Day, bearing the torch, occupies one of the alcoves of the summer house. Opposite sits a woman with a book on her knee, a sleeping child beside her, and around her flit the wide winged birds of night.

The gallery of statuary boasts the Ludovisi Juno, colossal, stately, divinely fair. Silence reigns upon her parted lips; the calm of majestic repose rests upon her serene and level brows. Hers "that large utterance of the earthly gods," which, when she speaks will compel us to silence. In the ampler æther, amid which she is wont to dwell, what knows she of our world of petty woe? where old Hesiod puts it, "by day as well as by night, diseases unbidden haunt mankind, silently bearing ills to men." But of all these her colossal loveliness knows nothing, save "that the gods themselves cannot recall their gifts," and time is one. Such is the Ludovisi Juno. But who that has ever visited the Villa Albani can, if he would, forget the fragment of Greek culture there, so jealously preserved—that bas relief, I mean, of Mercury withdrawing Eurydice from her husband's arms? Words can give no idea of the tender grace of the attitudes, of the truth, the nature, the pathos of these figures. Her hand rests upon his shoulder; his clasps hers with such a passion of affection that the messenger of the gods, though he relaxes not his grasp, yet by a slight movement of his entwining arm expresses that he gazes not unmoved upon their tender and entrancing farewell. This fragment should be, if it is not, the despair of the modern world, as it is truly one of the most consummate triumphs of genius. and art.

But the Doria Pamphili gardens summons us to gather cyclamen and hyacinth amid their shades and waters and groves and lawns. This was once the garden of Galba, and upon the green and level lawn stands a little heathen altar representing the Pius Antonius Imp, sacrificing to his household gods. No sod here is ever turned or soil removed, but fragments of sculpture, sarcophagi, busts and cippi or funeral urns are brought to light; and the Columbaria are singularly interesting and perfect. In a square chamber approached by a stair and a door are the many niches, each of which contains in its pictured urn the ashes and half-consumed bones of some dead and gone Roman of Imperial time. The walls are ornamented with graceful arabesques of bird and flower, of genii and fruit. A group of dwarfs disturbed in their antics by a crocodile advancing from a lake is curiously grotesque. In an instant we are transported back some twenty centuries as we linger over the sharply cut and graceful inscriptions to the conjux dulcissime, or the loved and lamented filii et filiæ of those long past days. Within a single recess several cippi are not unfrequently accommodated, with praiseworthy economy of space. It is said that extensive catacombs range from these princely gardens to Rome, of which the view, seen through the stems of the pines and ilex groves, is one of the most delightful imaginable, and prompts one to exclaim, with Shelley:

"O Rome! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb,
When will return the glory of your prime?"

An Old Parrot.

The oldest inhabitant in the zoological collection in the Regent's Park, London, has just died. This interesting individual was a specimen of the black parrot from Madagascar. It was presented to the society by the late Mr. Charles Telfair, a corresponding member, so far back as July, 1830, just two years after the gardens were opened. This bird has, therefore, lived fifty-four years in the gardens. How old the parrot was when it arrived is not learned beyond the fact that it was represented as an "adult bird." The ancient black Vasa parrot seemed, until very recently, to have carried his half century of years lightly enough, nevertheless his keeper remarked that he was a little dull of late, although he fed well. One morning, however, the parrot was found dead in his cage, having previously shown no symptoms of ill-health.

BAFFLED!

One of the Most Unaccountable and Dangerous of Recent Deceits Discovered and Exposed.

There is some mysterious trouble that is attacking nearly everyone in the land with more or less violence. It seems to steal into the body like a thief in the night. Doctors cannot diagnose it. Scientists are puzzled by its symptoms. It is, indeed, a modern mystery. Like those severe and vague maladies that attack horses and prostrate nearly all the animals in the land, this subtle trouble seems to menace mankind. Many of its victims have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A strange sticky slime collects about the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load upon the stomach; sometimes a faint all-gone sensation is felt at the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy. The eyes grow sunken, the hands and feet feel clammy at one time and burn intensely at others. After a while a cough sets in, at first dry, but after a few months it is attended with a greyish colored expectoration. The afflicted one feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. He becomes nervous, irritable, and gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a peculiar whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become costive, and then, again, outflux intensely; the skin is dry and hot at times; the blood grows thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow; the urine is scanty and high-colored, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a spitting up of the food, sometimes with a sour taste, and sometimes with a sweetish taste; this is often attended with palpitation of the heart. The vision becomes impaired, with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of prostration and great weakness. Most of these symptoms are in turn present. It is thought that nearly one-third of our population have this disorder in some of its various forms, while medical men have almost wholly mistaken its nature. Some have treated it for one complaint; some for another, but nearly all have failed to reach the seat of the disorder. Indeed, many physicians are afflicted with it themselves. The experience of Dr. A. G. Richards, residing at No. 468 Tremont street, Boston, is thus described by himself:

"I had all those peculiar and painful symptoms which I have found afflicting so many of my patients, and which had so often baffled me. I knew all the commonly established remedies would be unavailing for I had tried them often in the past. I therefore determined to strike out in a new path. To my intense satisfaction I found that I was improving. The dull, stupid feeling departed and I began to enjoy life once more. My appetite returned. My sleep was refreshing. The color of my face which had been a sickly yellow gradually assumed the pink tinge of health. In the course of three weeks I felt like a new man and know that it was wholly owing to the wonderful efficiency of Warner's Tippecanoe The Best, which was all the medicine I took."

Doctors and scientists often exhaust their skill and the patient dies. They try everything that has been used by, or is known to, the profession, and then fail. Even if they save the life it is often after great and prolonged agony. Where all this can be avoided by precaution and care, how insane a thing it is to endure such suffering! With a pure and palatable preparation within reach, to neglect its use is simply inexcusable.

A SELF-HOLDER for a spoon, when temporarily filled with any liquid, or for dropping medicine may be made in the simplest manner possible, thrusting the handle between the leaves of a shut book lying on the table. If not high enough one book may be piled upon another. Both hands may then be used in dropping from a bottle, or for making any desired mixture.

BANANA AND APPLE TART.—Make crust of fine flour and fresh butter; make little crust, but make it good; slice apples fine, and put in dish with three or four bananas sliced, only adding sugar and perhaps a little syrup, if you have got it. Cover crust over fruit brush a little melted butter over top; strew white sugar on, and bake twenty minutes or more, as required.

TO CLEAN MARBLE.—First brush the dust off the place to be cleaned, then apply with a brush a good coat of gum arabic; expose it to the sun to dry. In a short time it will crack and peel off. If all the gum should not peel off wash it with clean water and a cloth. If the first application does not have the desired effect, it should be applied again.

FIG CAKE.—One cupful butter; 2 cupfuls sugar; 3½ cupfuls flour; ½ cupful sweet milk; 7 eggs; 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Filling—To 1 lb. figs chopped fine, add one teaspoonful water; ½ cupful of sugar. Cook till smooth. Cool, and spread between layers.

WHIPPED-CREAM SAUCE: Whip a pint of thick, sweet cream; add the beaten whites of two eggs; sweeten to taste; place the pudding in the center of the dish and surround with sauce; or pile up in the center and surround with molded blanc-mange or fruit puddings.

SOFT GINGER BREAD.—One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, half a cup of butter and lard mixed, one cup of sour milk, two eggs, three cups of flour, two teaspoons even full of soda, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one and a half teaspoonfuls of ginger.

THE Norway spruce is often used for hedges with good success. When properly grown it is very ornamental and will turn cattle. For a windbreak a spruce hedge is invaluable.

A most extraordinary disinfecting compound for purifying the atmosphere of the sick room has been presented to the Berlin Medical Society. Oils of rosemary, lavendar, and thyme in the proportions of 10, 2½, and 2½ parts, respectively, with water and nutric acid in the proportion of 30 to 1½. The bottle should be shaken before using, and sponge saturated in the compound and left to diffuse by evaporation. Simple as it is, the vapor of this compound is said to possess extraordinary properties in controlling the odors and effluvia of offensive and infectious disorders.

CHICKEN MAYONAISE.—Take as many chickens as are wanted for the bulk of your salad; boil them out and remove all the flesh, being careful to reject all bones and skin. Cut into sizeable cubes and put them into a deep dish; season with salt, pepper, oil and vinegar, and let them remain some hours in the pickle. Put into a salad bowl about three times as much lettuce as you have chicken, which latter put into the centre of the lettuce, covering it with Mayonnaise dressing, garnished with bits of letuce, hard-boiled eggs, olives, capers and beets, etc., cut in symmetrical shapes.

CARAMEL CAKE.—Take of sugar 3 cupfuls; 1¼ cupfuls butter; 1 cupful milk; 4½ cupfuls flour; 5 eggs; 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Bake in layers. Filling — Take 1½ cupfuls brown sugar; 1 cupful molasses; ½ cupful sweet milk; 1 tablespoonful butter; 1 tablespoonful flour; 1 tablespoonful cold water. Mix and boil five minutes, when add ½ cupful grated chocolate. Boil till it thickens and add a pinch of soda, stir well and remove from the fire. When cold flavor with vanilla, spread between layers and on top. Dry in a sunny window.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

ORANGE OR LEMON WATER-ICE.—Take four oranges or lemons, or a mixture of both, and grate off the peel of two, and turn three pints of boiling water over them. Squeeze the juices out thoroughly into the water while hot. Sweeten much more than for orangeade, because the sugar freezes out of all kinds of ices. Set upon the ice to cool, and, when ready to freeze it, beat up the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, and add to the mixture after it is put into the freezer. The dasher will beat it into the water, and it will freeze like snow.

"Rough on Dentist" Tooth Powder.

Smooth, refreshing, harmless, elegant, cleansing, preservative and fragrant. 15c. Druggists.

BASHAWED LOBSTER.—Take a lobster from the shell and cut it fine; chop a small onion very fine, and add a sprig of parsley to it. Season it with pepper, salt and a little mustard. Put in all the coral and the juice of the lobster. Cut up a small piece of butter into bits and mix with it, and fill the shell part of the lobster with the mixture. Cover the top with bread-crumbs or pounded cracker and bits of butter. Bake in the oven for fifteen minutes, and serve on a platter in the shell, garnished with parsley and slices of hard-boiled eggs. This is a delicious relish for tea, or it will make a nice side-dish.

An Editor's Testimonial.

A. M. Vaughan, editor of the Greenwich *Review*, Greenwich, O., writes: "Last January I met with a very severe accident, caused by a runaway horse. I used almost every kind of salve to heal the wounds, which turned to running sores, but found nothing to do me any good till I was recommended Henry's Carbolic Salve. I bought a box, and it helped me at once, and at the end of two months I was completely well. It is the best salve in the market, and I never fail of telling my friends about it, and urge them to use it whenever in need."

APPLE FLOAT.—Boil and mash six apples; sweeten to taste, then beat with a silver fork or an egg-beater until very light and smooth. Beat the whites of two eggs to a strong froth, and gradually beat in the apples. Flavor to taste with vanilla, lemon, nutmeg or anything else preferred. Partly fill a glass bowl with rich boiled custard, and put the float on the top. The float and custard should both be very cold.

Caution to Dairymen.

Ask for Wells, Richardson & Co's. Improved Butter Color, and take no other. Beware of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for every other one is liable to become rancid and spoil the butter into which it is put. If you cannot get it write to us at Burlington, Vt., to know where and how to get it without extra expense. Thousands of tests have been made, and they always prove it the best.

LOVE KNOTS.—Little cakes called love knots, are nice for tea; Five cups of flour, two of sugar, one of butter, a piece of lard the size of an egg, two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, half a teaspoonful of soda; rub the butter, sugar and flour together fine, add the other ingredients, roll thin, cut in strips one inch wide and five inches long, lap across in true-love knots, and bake in a quick oven.

Carbo-lines.

Sorrow and gloom, the soul may meet,
Yet love wrings triumph from defeat;
And the coarsest hair can still be fine
By using Magic Carboline.

HOMINY CROQUETTES: To a cupful of cold boiled hominy add a tablespoonful of melted butter; stir well, then add gradually a cupful of milk, stirring and mashing the hominy until it becomes a soft, smooth paste. Then add a teaspoonful of white sugar and a well-beaten egg. Roll into oval balls with floured hands, roll in beaten eggs, then in bread-crumbs and fry in boiling lard.

Mothers

If you are failing; broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Drgts.

BUTTER.—Take a new flower pot, wash it clean, wrap in a wet cloth and set over butter, will keep it as hard as if set on ice. Milk, if put into an earthen can, or in a tin one, will keep for a long time if well wrapped in a wet cloth.

POCKET LEMONADE POWDERS.—White sugar, one pound; tartaric of citric acid, one ounce; essence of lemon, half an ounce. Mix with pestle and mortar thoroughly, and dry; do up in tablespoonful packages; when thirsty add half pint water.

"I'M afraid I was cheated on these lightning rods." "What's the matter with them?" "I hadn't had 'em pu mor'n a month when a fearful stroke of lightning knocked 'em all ways for Sunday, burned my barn and everything in it." "But didn't the agent give you a guarantee?" "Oh! yes, I wrote to him and he wrote back very consolingly." "What did he say?" "That lightning never strikes twice in the same place."

"What we learn with pleasure we never forget."—*Alfred Mercier.* The following is a case in point. "I paid out hundreds of dollars without receiving any benefit," says Mrs. Emily Rhoads, of McBrides, Mich. "I had female complaints, especially 'dragging-down,' for over six years. Dr. R. V. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' did me more good than any medicine I ever took. I advise every sick lady to take it." And so do we. It never disappoints its patrons. Druggists sell it.

A PROMINENT citizen of Mexico returned from a trip into South America last week. He had been gone three months. "Elected a new President since I've been gone?" he asked of a friend. "Oh, yes!" "How many?" "Only one." "Any revolutions?" "Only three." "What's become of Miaz?" "Oh, he was shot last week." "And Zagual?" "Transported." "And St. Badier?" "The same as when you left." "Is that so? I'm surprised that he should be at one thing so long. He was a very enterprising sort of a man. Where is he?" "Dead."

Stranger than Fiction

are the records of some of the cures of consumption effected by that most wonderful remedy—Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Thousands of grateful men and women, who have been snatched almost from the very jaws of death, can testify that consumption, in its early stages, is no longer incurable. The Discovery has no equal as a pectoral and alterative, and the most obstinate affections of the throat and lungs yield to its power. All druggists.

"ANY reduction in the price of clothing?" he asked. "Very large reduction," answered the dealer. "I would like to buy a pair of pantaloons if I can get them cheap enough." "Well, sir, prices have all gone to pieces, particularly on pantaloons. The bottom has fairly dropped out." "In that case," said the customer, turning to go, "I guess I will stick to my old ones for awhile yet."

Pile Tumors,

however large, speedily and painlessly cured without knife, caustic or salve. Send six cents in stamps for pamphlet, references and reply. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

"I SEE that in the preface to your book you state that it is written to fill a long-felt want. What do you mean by that?" "What do I mean by that? Why I've been needing a square meal for the past eighteen months. Don't you call that a long-felt want?"

Thin People.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, sexual debility. $1.

KNOCKED down by a conundrum: "It is poor taste to laugh at your own jokes," said Fenderson; "something I never do, though I do say it." "Does anybody else ever laugh at them?" asked Fogg.

DR. KLINE'S Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

AN æsthetic incident: "Look at——," said Joughnes to Smith, pointing to a man striding up and down a piazza at a watering-place with corrugated brow: "he thinks he is thinking."

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is a certain cure for that very obnoxious disease.

LITTLE Miss Innocent seated at dinner, to pompous old cove: "Mr. S., won't you drink?" "Yes, my dear, certainly. But why?" Miss I.—"Because mamma says you drink like a fish, and I want to see how fishes drink." S.—!!!

Bed-Bugs, Flies.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

"I CAN'T get up early," said the poor victim to his doctor. "Oh, yes, you can," was the reply. "If you will only follow my advice. What is your hour of rising?" "Nine o'clock." "Well, get up half an hour later every day, and in the course of a month you will find yourself up at four in the morning."

PROFESSOR to classical student: "If Atlas supported the world, who supported Atlas?" Student: "The question, sir, has often been asked, but never, so far as I am aware, satisfactorily answered. I have always been of the opinion that Atlas must have married a rich wife and got his support from her father."

A LITTLE girl who ran home from school, all out of breath said: "Oh, please, ma, may I get married and have a husband?" "My child!" exclaimed the astonished mother, "don't let me hear such words from you again!" Well, then, may I have a piece of bread and butter and go out to play in the back yard?"

A CALIFORNIA editor, who has evidently been rusticating to the fullest extent of the term, is moved to remark philosophically that "the passion for illicit watermelon is something which age nor infirmity has power to cool." It is thus that vice has ever sought to justify itself, but it is painful to see it boldly flaunted in the face of the public.

BE careful about what you say to a barber. "Cut it short, old man," said a customer to one who was snipping a long yarn in his ear while cutting his hair. The result was a shaved head and much profanity.

DOUBLE-barrel metaphor: Lawyer to witness—"You've brass enough in your face to make a forty-gallon kettle." Witness to lawyer—"And you've sap enough in your head to fill it."

AN odd nick-name: A South End man calls his wife Crystal because she is always on the watch.

NO FIXED rules can be laid down for the management of farms. The soil of one township may be best fitted for growing some kind of grain, while the adjoining ones can be most profitably devoted to live stock. No two farms situated side by side are exactly alike. The distance from market, the demand for special products, and, not least, the individual taste of the farmer, have all much weight in determining the system of farm management that it is best to adopt. Those who have given the most thought to this subject are the slowest to advise any general system to be applied to every farm. It is like a garment that is intended to fit all persons, and suits none. Every year of progress made in agricultural knowledge teaches more forcibly than previous ones, the truth that the farmer must rely largely upon his own intelligence and judgement in working out the best system for his own farm. Even in so seemingly trifling a matter as the pruning of a grapevine, the wisest vineyardist can only give general rules, and each grape grower must adapt them to the peculiarities of each vine.

FLOUR is peculiarly sensitive to the atmospheric influences, hence, it should never be stored in a room with sour liquids, nor any article that taints the air of the room in which it is stored. Any smell perceptible to the sense will be absorbed by the flour. Keep in a cool, dry, airy room, and not exposed to a freezing temperature nor to intense summer or to artificial heat for any length of time above seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit. It should not come in contract with grain or other substance which are liable to heat. Flour should be sifted and the particles thoroughly disintegrated and then warmed before baking. This treament improve the color and baking properties of the dough. The sponge should be prepared for the oven as soon the yeast has performed its mission, otherwise fermentation sets in and acidity.

THE best use to make of coal ashes is to put them into your walks in gardens and about the premises, in the carriage drive, and as a mixer with heavy soils. They will keep down instead of promoting the growth of weeds and grass, and always afford dry avenues. In five minutes after a rain, during eight months of the year, they contain no moisture and are never soft; in a word, are the best substance for this purpose we know of. Hence it is quite the use to which they can be applied, and it is really an important use. Clean, dry walks about the premises cannot be too highly estimated.

BULLS need exercise in order to attain their best development. They are commonly kept inactive and without training, and so become vicious and dangerous, as well as losing in part the power to get strong and vigorous calves. A bull that is worked in the yoke, or is trained in some other way, is seldom ugly or dangerous, and is likely to beget calves of greater vitality than when made sluggish by confinement. Valuable thorough-bred bulls sometimes receive necessary training and exercise, but lower grades seldom have any attention of the kind, though they need it in an equal degree.

FOR several years after a writer began raising wheat, he could not get the yield higher than twenty-three bushels per acre, although the land was rich enough to raise large crops of grass, corn, and potatoes. The wheat was top-dressed with rotten manure, but still the yield was no greater. Then the two-horse sulky cultivators came around. He bought one, and used it freely in connection with the harrow and roller, and the next year, without any manure, his wheat yield jumped up ten bushel per acre.

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FOR PERSONS OF ALL AGES. A WONDERFUL CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION. IT BANISHES COUGHS (acute or chronic) and BREAKS UP COLDS like magic; IT CURES, in fact, where other remedies have failed.

Keep it in readiness. Of all Druggists at 50c. and $1—largest, cheapest. LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS. **Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.** German Corn Remover kills Corns and Bunions.

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The Great Remedy, cures Boils, Pimples, Sore Eyes, Scrofula, Malaria, and all Blood Diseases.

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By causing FREE ACTION of all the organs and functions, thereby
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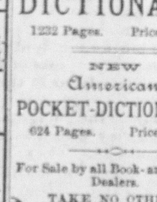

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THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young and old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health and vigor guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

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$500 CASH, FREE!

We offer the above amount of money and **THIRTY-FIVE GOLD WATCHES, Free** to the first **148** persons answering the following Bible question: **Where is the word Grandmother found in the Bible?** Mention the **Book, Chapter and Verse.**

The first person answering this question correctly, on or before October 15th, will receive $75 cash. If we receive more than one correct answer, the second will receive $70; the third, $60; the fourth, $55; the fifth, $50; the sixth, $20; the seventh, $30; eighth, $15; ninth, $10; tenth, $8; eleventh, $6; twelfth, $4; thirteenth, $2; thirty-five **GOLD WATCHES** to the next thirty-five correct answers, and one dollar each to the next one hundred people answering it correctly. If you are not first, remember that you may be second or third, so you stand a good change for a large prize. Each competitor must, in every case, send 50 cents for **Sample package ROYAL TEA,** with their answers.

THE PURE, UNCOLORED ROYAL TEA
UNADULTERATED

is such as the crowned heads of Europe use. Imported direct. The first time the Royal Tea has ever been introduced in America. A revolution to American tea drinkers. Only **Nature's** Coloring is used in the Royal Tea. The fresh leaves are dried and prepared in such a way as to retain all their delicate aroma and flavor, together with strength and body. One trial of Royal Tea and you will forever do away with all impure, high colored and poisonous articles. **SPECIAL OFFER!** To introduce this Tea in America we will, for a limited time, (until October 15th,) send (sample box) one half-pound Royal Tea, prepaid, to any address on receipt of only 50 cents, one pound-box, prepaid, $1. 50 cents is cheap for sample box Royal Tea so you pay nothing for one of the above prizes. In addition to the other prizes, we offer **$500** more to be divided equally ($5 each) to the first one hundred persons sending us the correct answer to the above question and sending $1 for one-pound sample Royal Tea. The money will be promptly sent to the successful ones. Send one dollar in P. O. order, postal note, or registered letter. **Don't wait,** but send your answer **at once.** Postage stamps taken. Full instructions to agents how to make $10 a day introducing the Royal Tea given with each sample box.

Address MAYO & CO., 166 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Sept. 24, '84

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 2 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

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—"FAIR" AND "SUPPLY DEPOT."—

LOWEST PRICES! LATEST STYLES!

MODEL STORE OF PENNS VALLEY.

TO THE CENTRE REPORTER READERS:

We beg leave to inform you of the arrival of our early fall stock. It embraces the most complete line of Fancy Goods, Notions, Embroidering Material, &c., ever brought to town. We defy any one to beat our prices—they are always the LOWEST consistent with strictly First-Class Goods. Any thing you buy of us you will find as represented or it can be returned and the money will be refunded. Don't forget to call even if you have decided to go elsewhere and we are certain you will go away pleased. Remember the place.

D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte, Sept.*, 1884.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Stacks of fancy goods—Garmans.

Mr. Goldsmith, of the Bee Hive, is now in New York, buying fall stock.

——Mr. Paulding, of Union Co., gave us a call, accompanied by Mr. John Bitner.

Entire stock of ladies', and children's silk and lisle gloves, closing out at 25 per cent below cost at the Bee Hive.

——A horse belonging to Wm. Bradford, at the Old fort, fell down an embankment at the railroad, and died from injuries sustained.

Stamped splasher tidies, buffet covers, etc.—Garmans.

——On Monday morning, 15th, the residence of Joseph Emerick a short distance from Hublersburg, was destroyed by fire, with all its contents.

——At Eshleman's crossing, Perry Co., a trains sruck a wagon in which were J. S. Kerr, a farmer, who was killed, and Mrs. George Oren, his daughter, who was severely injured.

——Simon Hessler, a wealthy farmer living in Brush Valley, near Mt. Carmel, last week, dangerously shot a young man named McCoy, who he thought was too intimate with his wife.

——Rev. M. A. Sloat, one of the leading ministers of the Evangelical church, and some years ago a resident of Centre Hall, died in Cumberland county, on 10, aged 60 years.

——Did you ever purchase groceries at Sechlers? If not try them once and see the difference in the quality—you will find their goods all genuine and without the least adulteration.

——The dwelling of Aaron Auman, in the mountains across from Penn Hall, was burned on Tuesday afternoon, 9th, with all its contents, including 80 bushels of wheat and some $60 in money. We did not learn the origin of the fire.

New fall stock open for your inspection—Garmans.

——Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Alexander, of Spring Mills, gave the "Reporter" a call, and left a bunch of fine white plume celery with us, a sample of the success Mr. A. has as a gardener. He generally raises No. 1 vegetables

— A. S. Stover's marble works take the lead for first class jobs. Any cemetery in this county, that has monuments or tombstones, will convince you that the Bellefonte marble works put out the best.

— In Hartley township 128 hogs have died from the disease, of which John Diehl lost 23, Wm. Glover 15, Geo. Glover 12, Mark Schnure 10, D. O. Bower 10, Jacob Boop 7, Isaac Walker 5, and other parties a lesser number.

——A Bellefonter when away from home always boasts of its wealth, its fine residences, furnaces, glass-works, fine spring, and the cheapest and best clothing store in the state, the Philad. Branch.

——One of our exchanges growls at a neighbor for appropriating its locals, without credit, by adding too and leaving off a little. Too small a matter to growl about—the REPORTER don't mind such things, notwithstanding it constantly sees its columns drawn upon in a similar piratical way.

——The Middleburg *Post* says from the sparks of a steam thresher while threshing the crops of Thos. Graybill, near Richfield, on 15, the barn and house were burned to the ground. We do not know the particulars therefore cannot give them.

Jerseys for ladies, children and men.—Garmans.

——Mr. Wm. C. Sweetwood, of Duncannon, gave our sanctum a call the other day. Mr S. bosses the engine for the planing mill of Mr. Sankey, formerly of Millheim, and says the establishment is doing a brisk business.

Examine our new goods—Garmans.

Bicycle and pink shirts—Garmans.

——Harvest Home festivals were held at Stover's, Green Burr and Rebersburg Ref. churches, on 16th, 17th and 18th instant respectively. Revs. Wm. Landis and Wm. Engle assisted pastor N. J. Miller at these festivals. The churches were tastily decorated and the offerings of the people testify to the fact that the spirit of liberality in contributing to the support of church interests is increasing. As these are voluntary offerings for benevolent objects it testifies likewise that there is still alive among our people that warm-heartedness and charity which lead them to make sacrifices for the good of their fellowmen.

——A person who would take a man's head for a squirrel, must be a fool. Near Wheeling, on Saturday, two men after squirreling separated in a corn field. Presently one of the twain saw what he thought was a squirrel bounding along a fence rail and shot. When he went to get his game he was horrified to find that he had shot and instantly killed his companion.

—— Mr. Lawrence Solt, working in the Scotia mines, on Tuesday of last week was caught between the cars, ane had both arms crushed, and received other injuries, from the effects of which he died on Wednesday. His age was about 27 years, he leaves a wife and two childred, and was a relative of J. B. Solt, of this place.

——Times are rough in many counties, except in old Centre where many are able to lay up money from what they save in purchasing clothing at the Philadelphia Branch, which has the best stock, largest assortment, and lowest prices in the state. It is a fact and will be admitted by all who ever purchased a suit of Lewins.

——McCool's sawmill, at Spring Mills, has got steam up again, and makes the sawdust fly in the livliest kind of way. He has an experienced sawyer in Mr. Wynn, and shingles and lumber of all kinds are turned out at a great rate. Mr. McCool's mill is supplied with one of the best shingle machines out, and it will pay to visit it and see its excellent and rapid work.

——All the parties are now in the field, Democratic, Republican, Temperance, Women's Rights, and one or two others whose names we have forgotten, all with presidential candidates. The next party to put its flag defiantly to the breeze will be the Philad. Branch, inscribed with bold letters: Cheap Clothing—No Shoddy—Lower Prices than any other house—More goods for the money than elsewhere in the state—Suits for men and boys.

——The Gentzel sawmill, in the George's Valley mountains, was destroyed by fire, on 18. The mill had not been in use for some time. We did not learn the cause of the fire.

A quantity of lumber burned with the Gentzel mill. The loss is about $1700; no insurance.

——Rev. Wm. G. Engle, of Pillow, Pa., formerly pastor of Rebersburg charge, paid a visit to his Brushvalley friends during the past few weeks. His genial countenance called to mind many an interesting circumstance which happened during his pastorate in this vicinity. Although growing gray he still retains the vigor which characterized him in former years.

——Sheriff Dunkle captured Miss Fortney, one of the fair daughters of Tussyville, and made her his bride at Williamsport, on Monday. Rev. Fischer performed the ceremony.

All the the latest fall styles of hats and caps, for men and boys and children, at the Bee Hive.

Cotton flannel and muslins—Garmans.

Nobby line of hats—Garmans.

The Gast Reunion in John Wolf's grove, in Miles township, of which we made an extended announcement in last week's REPORTER, was attended by about one hundred of the connection. They had an interesting time, consisting of vocal music by a choir of the Gasts from Ohio, and instrumental music by the Rebersburg band. A very long table was provided and a rich feast was had of course. An intesting address by Rev. Dr. E. J. Wolf, on the family history, incidents, etc., was one of the good features of the program.

The following incident relates to Christian Gast's family, one of the early settlers: They settled in the Blue Mountain valley. There was rumor the Indians were in the neighborhood. They concluded they would leave next morning, and did so. They had one horse, on which to put his wife, and started her, and he followed. They did not get far until the Indians shot him dead; when he fell she whipped the horse to try to make her escape, but she did not get far until her horse was shot, and she fell and started running for to make her escape. She did not get far until she was caught by an Indian who took her by the arm, a prisoner, and took her to northern New York or Canada. They kept her two years when she returned.

Another incident is given thus: Catharine, wife of Nicholas Gast, came to Penn's Valley with her grandfather, Jacob Stover, when about 5 years old * * After they had lived two years in Penns valley, Gen. Potter, who then lived at what was afterward called Potter's Fort, was their nearest neighbor, came in person to notify Mr. Stover, Hubler and Harper, who had emigrated together in the same neighborhood, and were the only families living in the eastern part of the valley, notified them of the appearance of the Indians. All these families at once prepared to flee and left next morning. Catherine, afterwards wife of Nicholas Gast, was now 7 years of age; she had to foot it, and it commenced snowing before they left. By the time they got to Overmyer's ford, in the neighborhood of Centreville, now Snyder county, the snow came to her knees. The reason she had to walk was, there were smaller children who had to be taken on the horses. At this place they got canoes and took in parties who had no horses or were not able to walk—they landed at the place where now Selinsgrove is. When they landed the boatman upset the canoe and spilled them all in the creek. One of the children almost failed of being landed. Grandmother Stover, on counting the children, found one missing, which was then discovered floating down the stream and recovered. From there they went in flat-boats to Harrisburg. From there they went to Berkshire, (Lebanon,) where they stayed two years. News coming that they could return in safety (Grandmother Gast having been homesick for returning) they all returned to Penns valley, grandmother Gast being about 9 years old, (about 1777.)

One lot of ladies' dress cloth at a sacrifice—Garmans.

PATRONS' PIC-NIC.

The Grangers' pic-nic, on the mountain near Centre Hall, last Thursday, 18, was very largely attended, though we thought the crowd last year was larger. There were some 4000 or 5000 people assembled. The roads were very dusty from the long rainless weather previous, and rendered traveling unpleasant, and no doubt was the cause of many not being present. All sections of the county were represented however. The day was cool with indications for rain.

Chairman L. Neff, with the committee, had all the usual decorations and preparations of the ground properly attended to. Flags, mottoes, streamers, etc., lent pleasure to the eye.

Rev. Isaac Frain, with his stentorian voice, called the large assembly to order. An address of Welcome followed by Col. Jas. F. Weaver, Master of the County Grange. Mr. Frain also indulged in some remarks suited to the occasion. Adjournment for dinner followed. All the good and palatable things that can grace a table and make the mouth of an epicure water, were soon unpacked from their hiding places and several acres of the mountain top were as one vast table, filled with grub that princes would be proud of. Among the richly ladened tables was that of Mrs. C. Dale, who kindly invited the REPORTER staff to dinner.

After dinner Mr. Downing, lecturer of W. Va. Grange, delivered a lengthy address upon the objects of the Grange, the interests of the agriculturists, and upon topics of general political interest.

Two bands were present to enliven the intervals with good music.

Stands for the sale of refreshments were numerous and all did a brisk business.

Good order prevailed, as usual, and all went away having spent a pleasant day, braring the dust.

MILL PROPERTY BURNED.

The Stone mill and dwelling house, owned by Simon Ruble, in Potter township, were destroyed by fire, on last Sunday night about 2 o'clock. The fire originated in the mill, from which the dwelling was distant some three or four rods, and as help was scarce, the house also took fire, and mill and house with all contents in them were burned. Mr. Ruble did not even save his books, which he claims were worth several thousand dollars.

Mr. Ruble thinks the mill was set on fire. There is an insurance of $2000 on the dwelling, in the Centre Hall company.

This fire obliterates an old landmark, as the Stone-mill was one of the oldest in the valley. Mr. Ruble had about two hundred bushels of wheat burned in the mill.

Mr. Ruble has an actual insurance of $4000 in some outside company, with Geo. L. Potter, which will fully cover his loss on the mill property.

— Mr. H. J. Barnes had a covered 2-horse wagon and sleigh burned by the Stone-mill fire.

—The Penn township election, Saturday, resulted in favor of changing the election from Millheim to Coburn, by 47 majority. This makes Coburn the capital of Penn twp. and the Coburners no doubt feel saucy and proud.

——Had a little sprinkle of rain on Tuesday.

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat-market having arefrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.

14may tf HENRY BOOZER

We certainly lead all—Garmans.

Now is the time to leave your order for a fall suit at the Bee Hive.

Largest and finest display of suiting and trousering at the Merchant Tailoring department of the Bee Hive.

FOR

habitual constipation, billiousness, sick headache, torpidity of the liver, congestion of the kidneys, malaria and all complications arising from a degenerated condition of the bowels, liver or kidneys, McDonald's Improved Liver Pills can be depended upon for certain and permanent relief; as a dinner pill, gentle cathartic and safe aperient, they are without an equal. Many eminent physicians use them in their daily practice. Money refunded to dissatisfied purchasers.

Sold by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY, & Co.,
17sept2 Philadelphia Agents.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Sept. 22, 1884.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn	May	59½	—64
Wheat	"	74⅜	—84½
Oats	"	25⅜	— 36
Pork	"	17.00	
Lard	"	7.35	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker,
31 South Third Street.

LOCK HAVEN MARKET.

New potatoes, 40c; butter, 12c to 18c; young chickens, per pair, 40c; beets, per dozen, 8c; eggs, 17c; beef, 8 to 10c; veal, 7 to 9c; fish, per pound, 12c; onions, per bu., 50c; cabbage, per head, 5c; tomatoes, per bu., 20 to 25c; cucumbers, per doz, 5c; bacon, 12c; lard, 13; apple butter, per qt., 15c; beans, per peck, 20c; apples, 50.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$ 80
White & Mixed	77
Rye	55
Corn, shelled, and ears old	70
Oats	30
Buckwheat	50
Barley	50
Cloverseed	5 50
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 50

Butter, 15; tallow, 6; lard, 10; ham, 16; shoulde 10; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 16 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 2.75; Chestnut, 4.5; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

26dec1tf

If you want a good Truss go to the Centre Hall drug store.

AN INGENIOUS INSECT.

Carefully studied, the wasp reveals admirable traits of character and genius of no mean order. The paper-making wasp of British Guiana, in South America, perhaps, carries away the palm of ingenuity as an architect even from the bees. Its abodes are made of regular stages, placed one above an another in a species of circular tower. Some of these houses possess as many as fifteen to twenty stages, which all communicate with each other by means of a hole placed in the centre of each. The cavities which shelter the insect are placed on the ceiling of each compartment. The entire building of this wasp, which ordinarily hangs to a tree, is composed of a kind of brown paste exactly like cardboard; but it is not known from what source the material is drawn. The mud-mason wasps of the regions of the Amazons are also artisans of skill and ingenuity, no whit inferior to the other insects of which we have spoken. The beds of stiff, white clay, found in the river regions of Brazil, furnish the inhabitants with material, whence they manufacture excellent pottery; but the wasps make out of the same material forms which rival the skill and beauty of the human handiwork. Having chosen some branch or twig for his nest-building, the industrious little builder starts for the clay-bank at once. This it approaches with a loud hum, and, losing no time in surveying the ground, instantly kneads little pellets of clay, which it can carry in its mouth. This little ball of moist clay is laid on the edge of the cell, and then spread out around the circular rim by means of the lower lip, guided by the mandibles. The insect places itself astride of the rim, pats the sides with its feet, inside and out, smoothing and hardening it, and then flies off for another clay-ball. As this nest is designed for the home of the young, the faithful mother wasp makes provision for the sustenance of the baby wasp before the nest is sealed up, and after she has laid her eggs. In order to effect this, she provides a stock of the food which her young love the best. This consists mainly of a certain kind of spider. And here, again, is shown marvellous instinct. Knowing well that if the nest is filled with dead spiders the bodies would decompose, the wise mother catches the prey, and so wounds or disables it that it still lives, though helpless. In this state the unhappy victims have to await the hatching of the eggs, which is the certain forerunner of their doom.

TRAMP'S ON A TRAMP.

"Well, it's about grub time," remarked a tramp to one of his fellows on the station platform; "just you keep your eye on me an' I'll show yer a trick what's wuth havin' wid yer. Go down there behind the water-tank an' wait for me." No. 2 did as he was told, when No. 1 stepped behind a convenient freight car. He was as ragged and dirty as the average of his class. His hat had probably done duty on the top of a stick in some cornfield. Pulling from beneath his coat a piece of cardboard that had a railway advertisement on one side, and that was white on the other, he slashed its corners off with an old pocket-knife, and cut a scollop in one end. A piece of white paper came from one of his pockets. The cardboard, white side out, was slipped under his dirty vest, the scollop just fitting his neck. The piece of paper was deftly folded and the corners clipped and placed around his greasy neck. Two pins fastened the paper to the card-board. Two more fixed the card-board firmly under the vest. Just then the through train came in. The dinner gong rattled on the platform. Over the steps of a coach from behind the freight car came Mr. Tramp. His mother wouldn't have recognized him. He was bareheaded. His shirt front was glossy white. His collar was the cleanest seen there that day. He had left his old hat behind. He looked nearly as respectable as any of the passengers with whom he rushed for the lunch-room. At the counter his ragged pants and clay-covered shoes could not be seen by the waiters. "Here, put these two plates of cold chicken, them sandvitches an' a couple o' coffees on a tray; quick now!" he shouted; "got to go way back to the sleeper with 'em." A few minutes later two tramps were enjoying a snug lunch behind the water tank. "I say, pard, how's that for a game, anyhow?" chuckled the one with the snowy bosom; "nothin' like puttin' on style if yer want to get along in the world."

MOZART.

A great many curious anecdotes are told of this wonderful composer. Among others related by his biographer, it is said that his charity was once appealed to in the street by an old acquaintance who had seen better days. Mozart put his hand into his pocket, but found nothing there; the discovery way embarrassing and painful under such circumstances, but immediately an idea occurred to that great genius; he requested the man to wait—stepped into a coffee-room, and there instantly composed a minuet, folded up the paper and gave it to the applicant, recommending him to take it to the music-dealer in the city, who, when he saw the contents, would give him something. The man received five *louis d'ors*. It is needless to observe that the minuet is considered a masterpiece, it being the production of an artist who composed nothing but masterpieces.

Everything new—Garmans.

Everybody says our stock is immense—Garmans.

EXPRESSION OF IDEAS.

It is odd, but true, that long words more commonly express ignorance than do the short words. Short words are used for the expression of stalwart ideas that are perfectly capable of standing alone, while the refinement of those ideas are more commonly expressed in long words. The grandest thoughts in any literature are expressed in few and well-chosen words, and, as a rule, the man of ideas is more simple in his language than he who has no originality, and relies on others for thoughts, which he then proceeds to put into his own expressions. The man of ideas which are capable of standing alone is usually careless about the appearance his ideas may make, just as the rich man is content to dress more plainly than his poorer neighbors, because he and everybody else knows he is rich, he need not advertise his wealth. It is also often noticed that men of ideas hesitate in their speech more than do those who have few ideas and few words to express them in. The reason is evident. Men of a large vocabulary will pick and choose in their words in order to get the word that will best do the work expected of it. If this one will not answer, it will be taken out and another substituted, while the man of a limited vocabulary and few ideas will never be at a loss for the simple reason that he has but the one set of ideas and the one set of words to express them. The words are easily fitted to the ideas and the work is done. Of all people in the world, young women are the most glib in conversation, but it is not from any quantity of ideas or of words either, for the command of either is usually limited, but for the reason already assigned. The man who has but one suit of clothes is never troubled about dressing himself, for he puts on his one suit and goes about his business. It is the man who has a number of different suits who is confronted by the problem what to wear and how to wear it.

THE NORWEGIAN HORSE.

The small, plump, cream-colored animal in front of you has a number of distinctly Norwegian traits which are certain to excite a measure of interest. He displays an almost human degree of intelligence in accurately adjusting his actions to the circumstances in which he happens to find himself. Whips being a luxury in the country, and more often than not dispensed with, the shrewd quadruped proceeds at the outset to discover in a thoroughly methodical and almost scientific manner whether his new driver possesses one of these objectionable instruments. He begins by turning his head, which is unencumbered with blinkers, and by this means is able to frame an initial hypothesis. He then goes on to verify his conjecture by a number of tentative experiments, such as stopping short some yards this side of a hill or a gate. He seems thoroughly to understand the conditions on which he is let out to the tourist, and knows his duty far too well to allow himself to be overworked and so rendered unfit for tomorrow's task in his owner's meadows. He will trot down a steep hill at a rate which is calculated to frighten the novice, but strenuously insists on taking every rise, however gradual, at a creeping pace. This is apt to exasperate the ordinary British tourist who has imported the habits of city life into these sequestered regions, and who calculates on getting over so much ground in a given time. But the experienced Norwegian traveler knows better than to make rigid calculations.

THE ORIGIN OF WHEAT.

Evolution claims at length to have solved the problem of the origin of wheat. The noted botanist, Grant Allen, says:—

"Wheat ranks by origin as a degenerate and degraded lily. The primitive ancestor of the lily was a very simple plant, with a triple set of pollen bearing stamens, fertilized by insects. It thus acquired those bright colors and that beauty which rivalled 'Solomon in all his glory.' The development was through many stages, through the alesina and marsh arrow grass and innumerable forms, until it reached the perfect lily. The first downward step seems to have been self-fertilization, taking the place of the insect aid. Afterward the winds brought the varied fertilizing pollen dust, and so came the rushes—plain little lilies, with dry, brownish flowers; then the wood rushes, something between the true rush and grasses. The Euscaulon, a common American water plant, rushlike in character, bridged over the gap between the rushes and the grasses, and then step by step the changes in the part of the flower culminated in our wheat plant. With the wood rush commenced the habit of storing gluten and starch along with the embryo, which has made the cereal so valuable for human food and raised our wheat, the descendant of the lily, the queen of the floral world, to the rank of the prince of grains, bearing its princely sway upon all the golden harvest fields of every civilized race and nation of the globe."

A bird upon the wing may carry a seed that shall add a new species to the vegetable family of a continent; and just so a word, a thought, from a living soul, may have results immeasurable, eternal.

Plush balls, felts, plush petals, tinsel, chenille daisy, plushes, etc.—Garmans.

Raw silk and turkaman—Garmans.

New fall stock—Garmans.

MARRIED.

At the Hepburn House, Williamsport, Pa., September 22, by Rev. W. E. Fischer, of Centre Hall, Thomas J. Dunkle, Sheriff of Centre county, and Miss Lizzie Fortney, of Tusseyville, Pa.

On Sept. 11, by Rev. S. E. Furst, Mr. David W. Rider and Miss Margaret Eveline McClintic, both of Buffalo Run.

On April 24, by same, Mr. Albert M. Brown and Miss Dora Mitchell, both of Potters Mills.

DIED.

On Sep. 16, at 7 p. m., Mary E. Edgar, wife of Rev. J. W. Edgar, at her residence in Lincoln Co., Kansas, of typhoid fever.

The deceased was the daughter of Henry and Fanny Brown, and was born in Hamburg, Clinton county, Pa., Jan. 5, 1859. She lived with her parents a number of years at Wolf's store, in Brushvalley, and in the spring of 1879 moved with her parents to Aaronsburg. Nov. 20, 1879 she married her now deeply bereaved husband, J. W. Edgar. In Dec. 1879 she was converted under the labor of Rev. W. H. Stover. She joined the Evangelical Association of which she remained a faithful member until Sept. '83, when she joined the M. E. church of which she remaind faith till death, and her soul was conveyed by the heavenly convoy to the mansion prepared for her. She leaves a husband, father, brothers and sisters, and a large circle of friends to mourn her loss, but we mourn not as those who have no hope. Funeral services conducted by Rev. J. W. Manners, pastor, and Rev. W. B. Moody.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

QUALITY PURITY NOT QUANTITY

Trade Mark. On Every Bottle.

—THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Catharine Lingle, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against same to present the them duly authenticated for settlement. JOHN D. DECKER,
27aug6t Potters Mills, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letter of administration upon the estate of Jonas Boal late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement. LEVI STUMP, Adm'r.,
20aug6t Tusseyville, Penn'a.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE—Letters of administration upon the estate of Dr. G. W. Kline, late of Potter township, dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. JOHN KLINE, Adm'r,
20aug6t Bellefonte, Penn'a.

LADIES' MEDICAL ADVISER.—A complete Medical Work for Women, handsomely bound in cloth and illustrated; postage paid for 10 two-cent stamps. Tells how to prevent and cure all diseases of the sex, by a treatment at home. Worth its weight in Gold to every lady suffering from any of these diseases. Over 10,000 sold already. Address, NUNDA PUBLISHING Co., Nunda, N. Y. 6aug3m

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FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—I will offer for sale a valuable farm, situated in Gregg township, 2 miles southwest of Spring Mills, containing 146 ACRES, of which 119 acres are cleared, balance good timber land; farm is in a good condition, thereon erected a good, large dwelling HOUSE, a good SUMMER-HOUSE, and all necessary outbuildings; a spring of never failing water, a large BANK BARN, and running water in the barnyard; contains two Orchards and all other kinds of fruits. JAMES HANNA,
7may6m Spring Mills, Pa.

Any Housekeeper who sends at once the names of 5 married ladies, at same address, and 12 two-cent stamps for postage, will receive free for one entire year, a handsome, entertaining and instructive Domestic Journal, devoted to Fashions, Fancy Work, Decorating, Shopping, Cooking and Household matters. Best paper published for Ladies. Every housekeeper wants it. Regular price, $1.00. Must send now! Address, DOMESTIC JOURNAL,
6aug3m Nunda, New York.

RISLEY'S WITCH HAZEL

Cures headaches, burns, sprains, cuts, wounds, rheumatism, toothache, blisters, &c.

Unequalled in quality at half the price, 6 oz. 25 cts. Pints (16 oz.) 50 cts. Quarts $1 per bottle.

RISLEY'S EXTRACT OF BUCHU.

Valuable in the cure of ulceration and irritation of the kidneys, bladder and urethra, strangury, gravel, gleet, gonnorrhoea, leucorrhoea or whites, dropsy, pain in back, loins, &c., $1 per bottle. Sold by all druggists. C. F. RISLEY,
3sep3mos 64 Courtland St., New York

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offers his valuable FARM OF 40 ACRES for sale. Thereon a good house and bank barn and all necessary outbuildings, an orchard of choice fruit, and good, never-failing water at house and barn. Also 14 Acres of timber land about 1¼ miles from above. His property lies about one mile south of Tusseyville, and is a very desirable home. J. W. MERSINGER,
27aug6m Tusseyville, Pa.

VALUABLE FARM AT PUBLIC SALE.—Will be offered at public sale by virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, at the late residence of Jonathan Weaver, dec'd, in Gregg twp, three miles east of Centre Hall, Saturday, October 4, '84, at 1 o'clock, the following real estate: A valuable farm containing 74 ACRES, more or less, neat measurement, in Gregg twp., bounded on east by lands of J. P. Grove, on south by lands of Mitchell heirs, on west and on north by land of Mitchell heirs; thereon erected a two story dwelling house, bank barn, summer house, smoke house, dry house, all buildings good as new, orchard of choice fruit. Of the above described tract there are about 6 Acres of timber.

Also a tract of mountain land within ¼ mile of the above described tract, bounded on south by land of E. Dashamer, on east by land of J. B. Ream and on west by land of James Grove, containing 104 ACRES, more or less, timber land with good timber, such as yellow pine, chestnut, chestnut-oak, etc.

Terms—One-third of purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale; ⅓ in one year, and the balance in two years, with interest from confirmation of sale; said payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on premises.

A. H. WEAVER, Adm'r.

HOUSE AND LOT AT PUBLIC SALE.—A fine lot containing a good two-story House, with good stable, and all necessary outbuildings, is offered by the undersigned at private sale. There is a young orchard of choice fruit on the premises and a well of excellent water. For terms apply to BENJ. SMITH,
24sept4t Farmers Mills, Pa.